DABNEY LANCASTER LIBRARY
1000203724

THE VIRGINIAN

1903

Dabney S. Lancaster
Library

Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

The Virginian

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

1903

LB
1972
.F3
V84x
1903

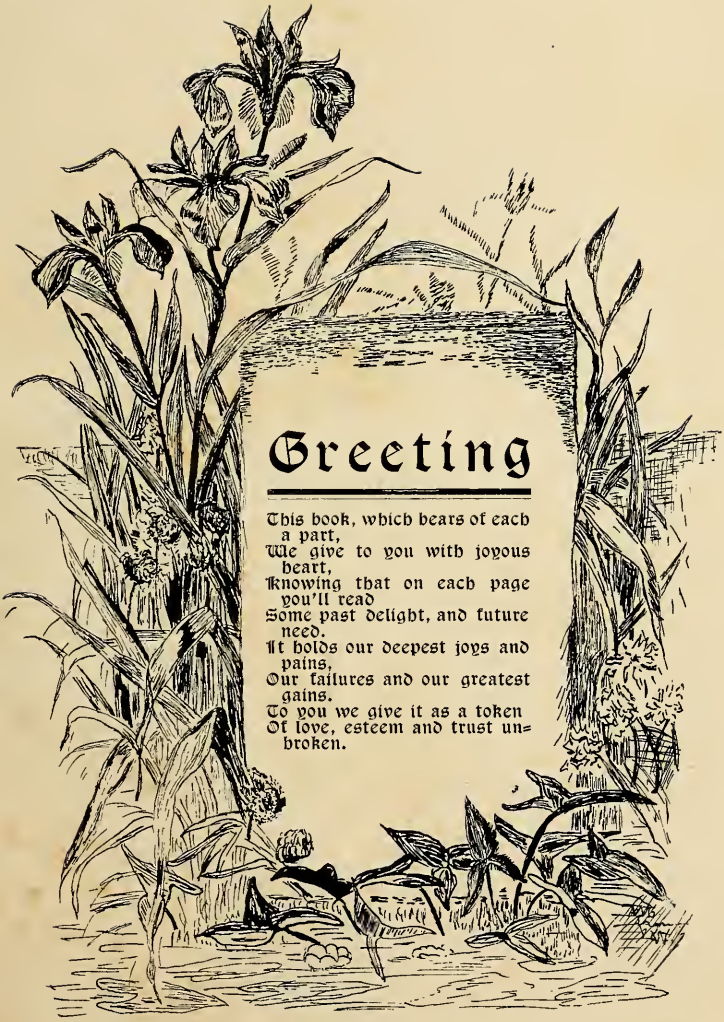
DABNEY LANCASTER LIBRARY
LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA 23901

Dabney Lancaster Library
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

3182

DABNEY LANCASTER LIBRARY
1000203724

Paula Marcia Morton



Greeting

This book, which bears of each
a part,
We give to you with joyous
heart,
Knowing that on each page
you'll read
Some past delight, and future
need.
It holds our deepest joys and
pains,
Our failures and our greatest
gains.
To you we give it as a token
Of love, esteem and trust un-
broken.

Dedication

¶ To the brave woman who for nearly fifteen years has stood faithfully by the school in the face of dangers and discouragements that would have made a soul less true falter; to her who has thrown heart and soul into fulfilling nobly and well the double trust imposed upon her by the State and by the mothers of Virginia, is this Annual lovingly dedicated in grateful appreciation of the love, the sympathy, the help, the tenderness, the constant inspiration to higher aims and truer ideals, which have been given us at all times by that true woman—

Mrs. Portia Lee Morrison

MRS. PORTIA LEE MORRISON

FOREWORD

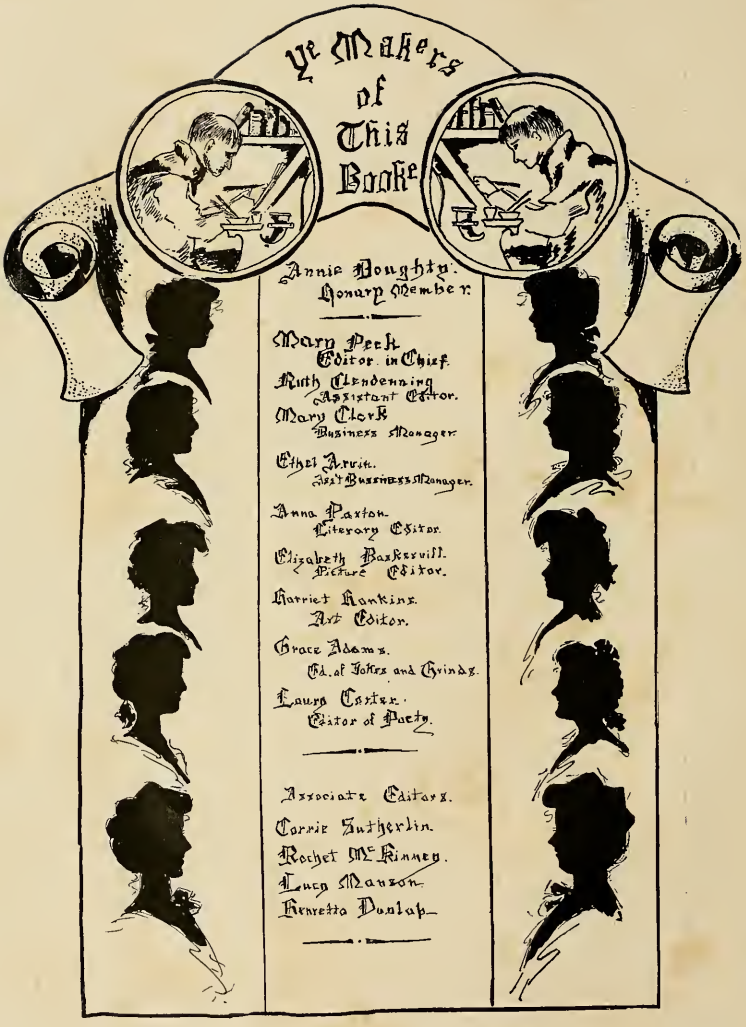
IN submitting the fourth volume of THE VIRGINIAN to the critical eyes of its readers, we would remind them that we do not offer it as a gem of literary worth—far from it. Our one aim has been to furnish you with a mirror which will, in some degree, reflect our school life; and if we have failed in this, we have failed in all.

We are grateful to all who have helped us, but especially do we wish to thank President Jarman, Miss Andrews and Mr. Cox, whose invaluable advice and assistance have proved an impetus to our work.

The help given by Miss Coulling, Miss Morton, Miss Woodruff, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. Robeson and Dr. Sears, is very heartily appreciated.

To the Kappa Delta Sorority, the Hampden-Sidney Gymnasium Team, and our Dramatic Club, we are due the expression of our deepest gratitude for the help they have given us financially.

EDITOR.


Ye Makers of This Booke
Annie Doughty.
Honary Member.
Mary Peck.
Editor in Chief.
Ruth Clendenning.
Assistant Editor.
Mary Clerk.
Business Manager.
Ethel Arvin.
Asst Business Manager.
Anna Paxton.
Literary Editor.
Elizabeth Baskerville.
Picture Editor.
Harriet Hankins.
Art Editor.
Grace Adams.
Ed. of Jokes and Grinds.
Laura Carter.
Editor of Poetry.
Associate Editors.
Carrie Sutherlin.
Rachel McKinney.
Lucy Manson.
Henretta Dunlap.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Our Tree of Knowledge

FACULTY

JOSEPH L. JARMAN, B. A., President,
Professor of Chemistry.

ELMER E. JONES, B. A., M. A.,
Psychology and Education, Director of Training School.

OTIS B. SEARS, B. A., Ph. D.,
History and English.

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS,
Geography and Biology.

S. GAY PATTESON,
Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry.

MINNIE V. RICE,
Latin.

ESTELLE SMITHEY,
French and German.

LULIE G. WINSTON,
Physics and Arithmetic.

LULA O. ANDREWS,
Sight Singing, Grammar and Rhetoric.

MARTHA W. COULLING,
Drawing and Form.

MARY ST. CLAIR WOODRUFF, B. L.,
Principal of Training School.

LAURA K. HILLS,
Director of Gymnasium.

NATALIE LANCASTER,
Assistant in Mathematics.

ANNIE L. KINZER,
Assistant in History and English.

HELEN BLACKISTON,
Assistant in Geography.

FACULTY

Board of Trustees

HON. ROBERT TURNBULL, *President*.....LAWRENCEVILLE
HON. JOHN JACKSON, *Vice-President*.....RICHMOND
HON. J. W. SOUTHALL, *Superintendent Public Instruction*..RICHMOND
REV. JAMES NELSON, D. D.....RICHMOND
HON. S. S WILKINS.....BIRD'S NEST
J. S. WARE, ESQ.....BERRYVILLE
J. P. JEFERIES, ESQ.....WARRENTON
JUDGE J. L. TREDWAY.....CHATHAM
JUDGE J. M. CRUTE.....FARMVILLE
W. U. KENNON, ESQ.....SUBLETT'S
HON. B. B. BUCHANAN.....MARION
HON. C. HARDING WALKER.....HEATHSVILLE
PROFESSOR GEORGE W. WALKER.....BLACKSBURG
C. W. ROBINSON, ESQ.....NEWPORT NEWS
JUDGE A. D. WATKINS, *Secretary and Treasurer*.....FARMVILLE

THIS MEMORIAL PAGE IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry, D. D., LL. D.,

STATESMAN, DIPLOMAT, EDUCATOR, FOUNDER OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. BORN JUNE 5, 1825; DIED FEBRUARY, 1903.

RARELY do we find so many elements of greatness, and such rare excellencies of character in one person, as were found in Dr. Curry.

For nearly sixty years his public career has been open to the gaze of critics, yet nothing is alleged against his beautiful, varied, and attractive life. It has its lessons which the young of both sexes would do well to heed. 'Til the call came to enter the higher life, his loved work and greatest pleasure was for the young. Towards youth he ever displayed a sympathy and helpful interest, found in few, particularly in the waning years of life.

Truly a great man has fallen in our Southern land, and the section which he loved so well and defended with pen and eloquently words so ably!

When his labors began in educational lines, there were few if any organized school systems in the Southern States, and no Normal school. Now there is no state without these and to his eloquence and laborious effort all concede that the credit is due.

Dr. Curry was often heard to say that he sought no higher eulogy than to be called "father of the State Normal School of Virginia."

If others feel deeply his loss, how profound is our grief that we shall see his bright and inspiring face no more! Dr. Curry's motto was: "Education for all."

As an author he made valuable contributions to our literature, especially from a constitutional standpoint, defending the South in the peculiar institution of slavery and in its right to secede.

As a diplomat in the honorable and delicate position as Minister to Spain under Cleveland, he is said to have been entirely *persona gratia* with that government, and well approved of ours. Time and space would fail us to mention even the prominent part he took in Alabama Legislature when scarcely of age, of the estimate in which he was held as United States and Confederate Congressman, of his brilliant career as a soldier in two wars, and of his professorship and enduring work in Howard University and Richmond College.

More than elsewhere does the present writer feel inadequate to the task of conveying to others the beautiful symmetry of character which made Dr. Curry loved when known. His exalted Christian life, which politics never tarnished, his warm, affectionate nature, his marked humility, and above all, his faith and confiding trust in the God and Father of us all, are remembered as a benediction and an inspiration by those who knew something of his inner life.

JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY, D. D., LL. D.

The Alumnæ Association

THE object of the Alumnæ Association of the State Normal School is, first, to promote social intercourse between its members; and, second, to aid in furthering the interests of the school.

The meetings of this Association are held each alternate year, the two prominent features being social and business.

The Association is at present specially interested in the Cunningham Memorial Scholarship Fund, which was begun in June, 1899. It was decided then to found a memorial scholarship to Dr. John A. Cunningham, former President of our school. This was done because the Association felt that such a movement would be more in harmony with Dr. Cunningham's views than the erection of a monument to his memory could be. This scholarship will be at the State Female Normal School, and will probably be awarded by competitive examinations.

The money is to be raised by the Alumnæ and others interested, these contributions to be paid in advance, or in yearly installments. The Alumnæ members present at the 1899 meeting desired to raise the necessary amount—twenty-five hundred dollars—in five years.

Dr. Cunningham was widely known and loved throughout the State; hence, we are very eager that the Alumnæ may receive contributions from others not connected with the school.

All correspondence and contributions should be sent to

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE,
STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL, FARMVILLE, VA.

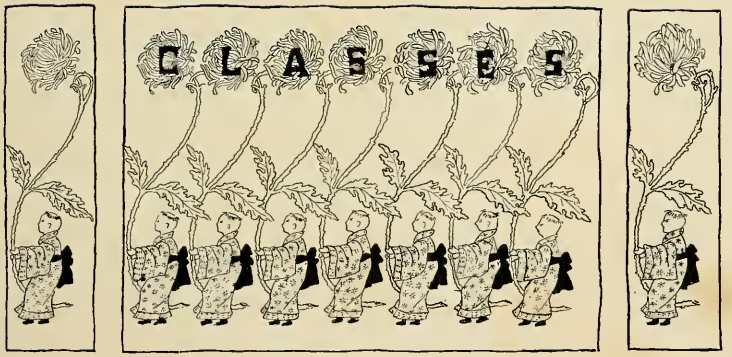
The White and Blue Forever

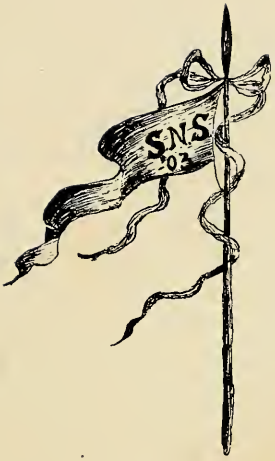
We love to sing of S. N. S.,
Our noble Alma Mater;
In all the State,
She's most up-to-date,
And none will e'er be greater;
The ties that bind us to college days,
No power can ever sever;
For we'll be true to the S. N. S.,
And the White and the Blue forever.

Tune ev'ry heart to sing for joy,
And banish ev'ry sorrow;
The noble girls who leave today,
Will build her up tomorrow;
We're all in love with our college home,
The pride of our endeavor;
And we'll be true to the S. N. S.,
And the White and the Blue forever.

When we have left these dear old halls,
Upon our graduation,
Another throng will sing our song,
Of loyal adoration;
The mem'ry of our college life
Shall never fade, no never;
For we'll be true to the S. N. S.,
And the White and the Blue forever.

Fannie Hodnett.


CLASSES



Class of January, 1903

MOTTO: "Sans tache." COLORS: Green and White.

OFFICERS

PEARL WHITMAN ..... President
MINIE TAYLOR ..... Vice-President
ELEANOR WHITE ..... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH BARNETT BASKERVILL
ELEANOR CAMERON WHITE
PEARL WHITMAN
MINIE COWLES TAYLOR
HATTIE MAY PHELPS
NANNIE TURNER

Class of June, 1903

MOTTO: "Finire est mire."

COLORS: White and Green. FLOWER: The Daisy.

OFFICERS

ANNIE SYLVESTA DOUGHTY ..... PRESIDENT
MARY GOGGIN ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
ETTA SINCLAIR ..... SECRETARY
DAISY FOSTER ..... TREASURER

ROLL

JANIE ADAIR
GRACE ADAMS
ETHEL ARVIN
ELIZABETH BASKERVILLE
LOUISE BERRYMAN
BERNICE BRADSHAW
OLIVE BROOKS
MARY CLARK
LAURA CARTER
RUTH CLENDENING
MILDRED COOKE
ELMER CRIGLER
MARY DANIEL
ANNIE DOUGHTY
BERTIE EATON
MARY EPPES
JANIE FORD
DAISY FOSTER
MARY FRAYSER
SUE GANNAWAY
MARTHA GOGGIN
MARY GOGGIN
ELLA GRAY
ANNIE GRESHAM
HARRIETT HANKINS
OTELIA HARVIE
GRACE HOLMES
GEORGIA JAMES
LAURA JOHNSON
ANNIE MASON
ANNIE McLAUGHLIN
AGNES McLAVE
ILIA MILLER
LIZZIE MOORMAN
LOUISE PARRAMORE
ANNA PAXTON
MARY PECK
NELLIE PEEK
JUSTINE PICKRELL
ETTA SINCLAIR
KATIE STEPHENS
DAISY STEPHENSON
BEULAH TILLAR
ETHEL TREVILLIAN
GRACE WARREN
HENRIETTA WATKINS
NEVILLE WATKINS
NELLIE WHITE
MARY YONGE
EULA YOUNG

CLASS OF JUNE, 1903

CLASS OF JUNE, 1903

Class Song of 1903

Tune—"Sing Me a Song of the South."

A well fought battle's ended, a harder one begun,
Of joy and sorrow we have had our share—
While dreaming of the future awaiting everyone,
Our very hearts seem filled with grim despair.
Through all our many duties in fancy we shall see
Our dear old friends and classmates fond and true,
And gather with them as of old, 'round some favored tree,
And wave aloft our colors, white and blue.

Chorus

Sing me a song of the S. N. S., one that shall e'er remain,
Sing me a song of school days there, that never shall come back again;
Sing me a sweet soothing melody, something of joys now past,
Sing one song of the old State Normal School,
Sing me the song of our class.

Though troubles round us gather, and all our hopes are slain,
The lessons learned in youth to each one clings,
The goal we've placed before us, we do our best to gain,
Content to seek alone the noblest things.
We do our duty better because behind it all
The voices of our teachers urge us on,
And bid us be encouraged, though often we may fall,
And never count a failure lost, but won.

Although its hard to leave you, 'tis best it should so,
Our places we must give to others now
While out into the cruel world with trembling hearts we go,
And at the shrine of duty pay our vow.
Now while upon the threshold of this new life we stand,
Intent upon the mysteries it holds;
We will let our voices rise in this song o'er the land
And echo and re-echo as it rolls.

L. L. C.

Senior Class History

TO the historian of the class of 1903 has been given the honor of recording the wonderful achievements of the largest, and with due appreciation of our predecessors, the most brilliant class that has gone out from the State Normal School of Virginia. I am sure that all who have the privilege of knowing this exceptional class agree that a more intelligent, more ambitious, and more worthy body of young women rarely meet together. Unlike Byron, however, we did not wake to find ourselves famous; through difficulties we have achieved the success and greatness we now enjoy.

The first event in our history occurred September 20, 1899, when seventy-four girls from all parts of Virginia filed into the assembly hall to hear the schedule of entrance examinations. After a few remarks, intended to soothe our troubled hearts, though they only made the tears flow more freely, we went to Room L, where we displayed such lack of geographical knowledge as to answer, "the polar regions are so called because of the number of polar bears there."

Not seeing ourselves as the Faculty saw us, it required at least two weeks to convince us that we were fit subjects for the First A Class, and it kindled all the indignation in us to hear an upper-class girl say, "Here come the First A's!"

In spite of home sickness and the bewildering newness of our first boarding-school experience, we acquired sufficient learning in four months and a half to enable us to pass the first term's tests successfully.

Time works many changes; nowhere is this more evident than in our class. We now have a membership of forty-nine, only seven of whom belonged to the First A Class of the fall of 1899.

Our prophet will tell you what we expect to do; it is my privilege to tell you what we have done, and are doing.

The beloved president of our class, Annie Doughty, fulfills Emerson's idea of a scholar, "a bringer of hope." Ambitious for her class, she has guided us wisely and has led the way to greater things. "Those about her, from her shall learn the perfect ways of honor."

In making a map for Senior A geography, Sue Gannaway proved herself a genius by her "infinite capacity for taking pains." She felt amply rewarded for her efforts when the teacher pronounced her success "purely accidental."

Eula Young has made such progress in "carrying a tune," that she has great expectations of becoming the rival of Jenny Lind.

We are also justly proud of the musical ability of Olive Brooks. Her singing has such charms to soothe the restless spirits that whenever she teaches a lullaby all the children go fast to sleep.

"I just like to let her in at the door; the face of her does me good, shure," said an old Irish servant of a woman who was always bright and cheery. This is indeed true of Grace Adams; she and her jokes are always welcomed. Although especially fond of blue, Grace learned that it was unwise to wear this color in the second-grade room, because of the belief held by some there that all thus clothed are Yankees.

Who but Gibson, Christy and Miss Coulling can excel Mary Goggin in free-hand drawing? Her blackboard illustrations were real works of art, and her relief map of North America was considered worthy to adorn the walls of the new geography room.

From the day of her entrance into the Normal School, Mary Frayser has been a general favorite. As a teacher in the Training School, she won the love of all her pupils; consequently,

her room was always full of flowers, and she enjoyed many drives, even when the mercury was playing in the twenties.

Mary Peck has the enviable (?) position of Editor-in-Chief of the Annual. When we think of her earnestness and diligence in the duties assigned her, we realize the truth of the saying, "It is faith in something, and enthusiasm for something, that makes life worth looking at."

Elizabeth Baskerville, besides being an expert tennis-player, receives the only classical diploma in the class.

Science tells us that we are compassed about by hosts of microbes that no one can number. The school physician was sure that several battalions of these enemies of man and beast were encamped in the old library, so he endeavored to rout them with formaldehyde gas. The news of the battle was announced to our President in breathless excitement, "O, Father, they are suffocating the books." After her experience with fever, Henrietta Watkins was convinced that she got some of the book germs before they were suffocated.

Janie Adair, one of our assistant librarians, is so devoted to this part of the Normal School that she could not remain away all summer, but returned two weeks before school opened. Now she does not love the library less, but she loves some one connected with it more.

Ethel Trevillian is fond of repeating familiar quotations. Her favorite one is, "To break the loneliness of man, woman was created."

Our two Annies are so partial to geography that they were unwilling to give it up after just four months and a half of study, so an opportunity was given them to devote two terms to the subject.

Ella Gray always had a cordial welcome for the class in observation, and she never was one bit rattled, no matter how many observers were busy with their note-books and pencils.

One of our number, Elmer Crigler, is an excellent pianist. To her, as chairman of the Music Committee of our Young Women's Christian Association, we are indebted for the good music, which is such an enjoyable feature of our meetings. Elmer is also captain of the golf team, and she excels all in playing with the "missing links."

Harriet Hankins is our class prodigy; she has never known the sorrow of a "not passed." She is a worthy disciple of Titchener, and there is no problem in Wheeler's Trigonometry too difficult for her to solve.

Laura Carter, our class poet, has a voice that is "ever gentle, soft and low—an excellent thing in woman." Punctuality and devotion to duty are her strong characteristics.

No one can compete with Bernice Bradshaw in making bird charts. She knows more about alligators and terrapins than they know about themselves; and her lesson outlines on these aquatic inhabitants will no doubt be used as models for future pupil teachers.

Nellie Peek has not yet put away childish things. She spends much of her valuable time playing with her music box, her negro doll, a toy snake, and "Little Johnnie."

Etta Sinclair is the soul of unselfishness. When her friend, Louise Parramore, after a week's experience in the second grade, expressed a decided preference for the eighth grade, Etta cheerfully discontinued the subject of participles and infinitives, for phonics and the "Story of the Three Bears."

Every Sunday morning Lizzie Moorman gladdens the heart of her Sunday school teacher with her presence. We could all learn a valuable loessn from her faithful attendance.

Georgie James was never seen without her alarm clock, and she rigorously demanded every minute of time allowed for her teaching history.

Having devoted so much time to the study of topography, it is not surprising that Justine Pickerell can give the best definition of a *Hill*.

To know Louise Berryman is to love her for her many attractive qualities. Her success with

first-grade reading and language is proof of her ability as a primary teacher.

Annie Gresham, our class dictionary, was never known to spell correctly any word outside the primer. As for pronouncing the names of chemists, she cannot be excelled.

Mary Daniel is a naturalist by birth. We defy any one to show her a tree whose life-history she is not thoroughly acquainted with. She also enjoys the peculiar distinction of being the only member of our class who has been able to discover a psychological experiment.

Agnes McClare once looked forward to pitching day with a great deal of pleasure. She thought all students were pitched up; she has since learned better.

It is remarkable what fine work Mary Clark did as Business Manager of the Annual, since so much of her time was spent in the parlor, and in corresponding with a certain Episcopal minister.

When Grace Holmes first appeared among the children of the Training School, she was known as the "circus girl," but the responsibility of teaching deepened the furrows on her face so perceptibly that later she was affectionately called "Aunt Grace."

Our classmate who reads the greatest number of books is Grace Warren. She gets a book from the library one week, and the next week she gets it out and re-reads it, feeling sure she has never seen it before.

Our Bristol girls, Ilia Miller and Bertie Eaton, have always been as devoted as Damon and Pythias.

Daisy Stephenson and Laura Johnson are two of the seven who entered in the class of '99. They omitted the Junior Class for a year's experience in teaching, and joined us again in the Senior year.

The thought of Janie Ford brings to mind the words, "the ornament of a woman is her modesty."

A familiar sight and sound is Otelia Harvie and her harp. She is the most optimistic girl in the class; no one ever saw her blue or discouraged.

Much in little is expressed by the three adjectives that describe Mary Eppes' school life here—quiet, unassuming, studious.

Our hardest student is Katie Stephens. She values a minute more than some of us value an hour, and she knows how to use every moment to good advantage.

Ethel Arvin has a pleasant word for everybody, and no girl enjoys more universal popularity. Her name will be handed down to history as the only member of the class of 1903 who overheard a conversation between a measles germ and a whooping-cough germ.

Mildred Cook is the most talkative girl in the class, but there is meaning in her words, and what she says is worth listening to.

Mary Yonge has the perseverance that overcomes all difficulties. She says she will treasure her diploma from the State Normal School as a priceless possession.

Not one strand of Nellie White's hair was ever seen out of place. Her room-mates tell us that she spends all her spare moments before the mirror. As a result of this study of glass, she has had more than her share of rugs.

Anna Paxton, unlike the robin that flew down, then up, then stopped to consider, and fluttered about, has pursued her studies steadily and patiently, and her efforts have been well rewarded.

Ruth Clendening learned that too much study is injurious to the flesh. She is a girl of strong character and fine intellect, and she leaves behind a splendid record as a student.

Beulah Tiller has had less confidence in her own ability than any girl in class. She felt sure she had failed on every test, and was miserable until her papers were returned.

Martha Goggin has been a marked success as a gymnastic teacher. She especially enjoyed the gymnastics of the boys who were kept in at recess.

Daisy Foster always told us before she attempted to answer a question, that she was not sure her answer would be correct. As a matter of fact, they were seldom incorrect.

One chapter of this history is unwritten. If you are interested in knowing its contents, you can inquire of the forty-eight other members of the class of '03.

Our stay here, with all its pleasures and difficulties, is about to end; soon we shall enter upon that more serious struggle in the great wide world, for which we have been preparing.

Graduation is not the goal of all our efforts. Our motto, "We finish but to begin," should stimulate us to nobler purposes and loftier endeavor. As faithful daughters of our Alma Mater, let us be true to the ideals she has put before us, and let us go forth resolved to do our best in fulfilling the mission so beautifully expressed by Ruskin, "Education is leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them. The training that makes men happiest in themselves, also makes them most serviceable to others."

NEVILLE WATKINS.

Class Prophecy, June, '03

As about the beach I wandered of a famous watering town,
Ethel Arvin chanced to meet me, she the belle of great renown.

Farther on I met Grace Adams, happy, jolly, as of old,
And beside her walked her husband, tall and handsome, strong and bold.

Down the walk came two trained nurses, walking straight with rapid steps:
One was large, the other smaller—Louise Berryman and Mary Eppes.

Then into a hotel parlor strolled I, for I needed rest;
There I saw old Daisy Foster, now a famous authoress.

Soon I found a quiet corner; my repose was not for long,
For I heard a grand piano and the sound of low, sweet song.

There was Elmer Crigler sitting without sign of earthly care,
And the sounds from lips and fingers rose and sweetly filled the air.

When at last the music ended and a hush was thrown o'er all,
I arose and went out slowly through the handsome, spacious hall.

Once outside, I looked around me, and saw posted everywhere
Bills announcing the Grand Opera and the stars that would be there.

Then I, too, went in to hear them, though I did not know their names—
Little knew I that my classmates were the two who'd won such fame.

When the curtain rose before me, I was dazzled by the sight,
And the singer stood before me in a gown of purest white.

I leaned forward, charmed, enraptured; for her face I'd seen before:
There was dear old Laura Carter, whom I'd known in days of yore.

After this sweet song was ended, there came forth upon the stage
Justine Pickrell, now an actress—the most noted of the age.

From the box not far behind me, suddenly I heard a squeak,
"Oh, isn't she a darling?" which suggested Nellie Peek.

There she sat in silk and satin, and with diamonds in her hair;
For at last she'd caught and married a world-famous millionaire.

But I could not longer loiter in this pleasant watering town,
On the morrow I departed—to a far State I was bound.

As I hurried to the station, fearing I'd not be in time,
Suddenly my attention rested on a large and glittering sign—

"Otelia Harvie, Surgeon," were the words that caught my eye—
But I had to hurry onward—time was passing swiftly by.

When at last I reached the station, and was seated in my place,
On my right hand, just before me, was a sweet, familiar face,

Nellie White sat happy, smiling—all could tell she was a bride,
For a tall and stately gentleman was seated by her side.

Before me sat an aged pair who traveled for their health;
Lizzie Moorman was companion to this couple of great wealth.

When I reached my destination, and was stepping to the ground,
Mary Peck, a Cornell graduate, met me there in cap and gown.

When I went up to the College, and was gladly shown around,
Met me many of the teachers, my old classmates, as I found.

There were three well-known "Math." teachers—these were Bradshaw, Cook and Gray;
Who in years past at the Normal in the Math. room led the way.

Then within the Science building, where I went with mind a-whirl,
I was met by two great Chemists, who were known o'er all the world.

Annie Doughty, Ruth Clendenning, were the proud professors here,
Yet their Alma Mater, said they, still was very dear.

Then, no doubt, from force of habit, Drawing came into my mind,
And I asked to see the teacher, if she were not hard to find.

"Here she comes, now!" said the matron, "and the Music teacher, too.
Miss Grace Warren and H. Watkins let me introduce to you";

And our Nature Study teachers, too, I'm sure you'd like to know—
Misses Goggin and Mary Daniel, whom you knew so long ago."

Then I left the school, delighted with the things I'd heard and seen;
For to see so many classmates had appeared indeed a dream.

I reached my room; on my table was an invitation to a ball,
And the name was "Anna Paxton" on the card so white and small.

Now she was a city girl, with wealth at her disposal;
And though sought by beaux galore, accepted no proposal.

That night I watched the graceful girls glide o'er the ball-room floor,
And recognized, among the rest, Sinclair and Parramore.

Concerning these two charming belles, soon a rumor came;
That each would, before midsummer, dare to change her name.

While sitting thus and gazing at the dancers until day,
I heard a girl behind me to her partner softly say:

"Mary Clark—isn't it a wonder?—has refused a life of rest,
And with one she has accepted, gone a missionary to the West.

"Neville Watkins, too, is leading in the great work of the day—
She is now the traveling secretary of the World's Y. W. C. A.

"Harriet Hankins, in Psychology very great success has won,
But I hear she soon will study the psychology of 'one.'"

Then I turned and quickly spied them, in their faces fair,
Recognized my two old classmates, Gannaway and Adair.

Both seemed very glad to see me, asked me to their home,
Begging me at once to join them on a flying trip to Rome.

This was willingly accepted; on the morrow we sped away;
Washington we wished to visit, if only for a day.

Soon we started out together many famous sights to see;
To go to the Treasury Department we willingly did agree.

On the way we passed an office, with a sign both large and bold—
"Annie Gresham, Attorney-at-Law," was the message that it told.

At the door of the Department we stopped still with startled looks;
For in this spacious building worked Grace Holmes and Olive Brooks.

Fine positions now they held, 'mong Fortune's favorite few—
Proud felt we of the S. N. S., and our colors, White and Blue.

When at last we left the building, we were shown a mansion gray,
Where Elizabeth Baskerville—Mrs. Senator—now held regal sway.

Up the marble steps we went and across the polished floor,
Where a footman, clad in livery, opened wide the parlor door.

She met us with a smiling face; said she was glad we'd come,
And beside her stood her friend, the Artist, Eula Young.

Talking o'er the old, old days, and the changes that had come
To each of our old classmates, they chanced to mention some.

James, Ford and Stephenson are preachers' wives today,
And better, pious people could not be found, they say.

McLaughlin and McLave both teach a country public school,
While Annie Mason and Katie Stephens are old maids, stern and cool.

Ethel Trevillian is a farmer's wife, another married a miller,
She whom at the Normal School we knew as Buelah Tillar.

Bertie Eaton and Ilia Miller both teach a Primary School;
In all their work they try to use the blessed Golden Rule.

Mary Young and Laura Johnson have traveled far away,
And have never yet been heard from since that dear Commencement Day.

* * * * * * * * * *

Thus we sat and talked with pleasure till the stars came one by one,
Shining out in all their glory; night had now indeed begun.

Then we thought of all our pleasures, sorrows, too, and pain,
And were thankful that life brought us both sunshine and rain.

Truly wished we that by each one great deeds might be done,
That each life be long and happy, a noble, useful one.

Breathing tenderly a prayer that God's blessing would be sent
Unto all, we parted softly, and night deepened as we went.

MARY FRAYSER.

Senior A Class

MOTTO: "We are not born to blush unseen."

COLORS: Purple and Gold. FLOWER: Violet.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ..... BLAIR WARD
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... ETHEL TOPPING
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ..... CLAUDIA PERKINS

CLASS ROLL

LUCY DANIEL
MILDRED EVANS
GERTRUDE GRIFFIN
LOUISE GODWIN
EVANGELINE HETRICK
MARTHA HOLMAN
CARRY McGEORGE
BESSIE McGEORGE
CHARLOTTE MERRELL
CLAUDIA PERKINS
ANNIE P'POOL
MARY POWERS
PEACHY SANDERLIN
LOTTIE SNEED
CARRIE SUTHERLIN
COURTNEY TAYLOR
ETHEL TOPPING
LOUISE VAUGHAN
BLAIR WARD

Junior B Class

MOTTO: "Hoher uber hock geht."

COLORS: Crimson and Gold. FLOWER: Edelweiss.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ..... NELLIE SMITHY
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... SARAH GOODE
SECRETARY ..... MARY BALDWIN
TREASURER ..... ELLA BURGER
HISTORIAN ..... JANIE MAY CRUTE

CLASS ROLL

MARY CECIL BALDWIN ELLA BURGER
JANIE MAY CRUTE SARAH MASSIE GOODE
NELLIE CARSON SMITHY.

Junior A Class

MOTTO: "Pas a pas on va bien loin."

COLORS: White and Gold. FLOWER: Fleur-de-lis.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ..... ELIZABETH HAMPTON WADE
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... EDITH BRENT DUVALL
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ..... ALICE EDMUNDS PAULETT

ROLL

NANNIE MAUDE CHERNAULT ..... PRINCE EDWARD
EDITH BRENT DUVALL ..... PRINCE EDWARD
MARY ELLA JEFFRIES ..... CULPEPER
ROCHET MOREAU McKINNEY ..... PRINCE EDWARD
ALICE EDMUNDS PAULETT ..... PRINCE EDWARD
ELIZABETH HAMPTON WADE ..... PRINCE EDWARD

A Dream

LAST night I dreamed I fell into the stream of consciousness. For a few minutes the struggle for existence was terrific, but I finally caught hold of some of the associated ideas around me and thus kept my head above water. I was unable to discriminate any of the ideas, and my perception of them was very vague.

Suddenly I felt the ideas around me began to tremble. I had no conception of how long I had been there, for all sense of time had fled. I renewed my struggle, and all my will power was bent on saving myself. But ever and anon something whispered to me that I was not fit to survive. Slowly I began to sink, and imagination deserted me, and strange illusions floated before my eyes.

As I was going down for the last time my attention was attracted to someone standing on the bank. For a time it was impossible for me to localize the object, but at last I recognized our teacher of psychology, In one hand he held a sensation and in the other a stimulus. Instinctively he turned and his eyes were focused on me. He called to me to catch hold of the sensation, which he threw. I grasped the slender thread, but it was so weak it broke. Then all memory forsook me and the dark waters closed over my head. The last thing I saw was the Professor, holding the broken sensation in one hand and vigorously applying the stimulus with the other.

NELLIE PEEK.

"Copers" Song

Tune—"I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight."

We sit in our rooms at midnight,
With our candles burning low,
And the *struggle for existence*
Seems more than we can go.

The *survival of the fittest*
Is our only thought in mind,
And *to cope with our environments*
Is the thing for which we've pined.

M. E. P.

Second B Class

MOTTO: "Esse quam videri."

COLORS: Light Blue and Silver. FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....JESSIE WHITMORE
VICE-PRESIDENT.....LUCY MANSON
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....MADELINE RICH

CLASS ROLL

ABBITT, ELEANOR
ADAMS, LOUISE
ANDERSON, MAUDE
BASKERVILLE, LOUISE
BIRD, SADIE
BLAIR, MARY
BUGG, HATTIE
CARTER, BESSIE
CHILTON, SUSIE
CLAY, ANNA
HARRISON, AMELIA
HARRISON, PEYTON
HENDERSON, CARRIE
HINER, MARY
HODGES, WILLIE
HODNETT, FANNIE
HOLMES, MARY
JONES, JANIE
KAY, CORA
KING, BYRD
LEARY, SADIE
MANSON, LUCY
McDONALD, JENNIE
MILLER, HALLIE
MILLER, MABEL
CLARY, INEZ
CRAWLEY, FENNELL
CRICKENBERGER, STELLA
CHRISMAN, LUCIE
COCKE, MARIA
DUVAL, LIBA
FLETCHER, VIRGINIA
GILBERT, BLANCHE
GRAVELY, GEORGIA
GRAYSON, KATHERINE
MURFEE, BETTIE
REYNOLDS, ALICE
RICH, MADELINE
RICHARDSON, ELIZABETH
PAXTON, HANNAH
SAMPSON, ETTA
SHORTER, BELLE
STARKE, SCOTIA
STERRITT, CORNELIA
VERSER, ELIZABETH
WALLACE, MAUDE
WATHALL, EPSIE
WHITMORE, JESSIE
WILSON, GRACE
WOODRUFF, CLAIR

Second A Class

MOTTO: "Scire, esse, facere."

FLOWER: White Carnation. COLORS: Blue and Gold.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....LUCY ANDERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....MAUD MASON
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....LIZZIE JAMES

CLASS ROLL

AKER, ANNIE
ALSTON, MARY
ANDERSON, LUCY
ATKINSON, MARJORY
BOISSEAU, MARY
BOYD, VIRGINIA
BRUGH, RUBY
COPELAND, EVA
COX, BEVIL
COX, SALLIE
COX, EDNA
DAVIS, SALLIE
EDMUNDS, MARTHA
ELCAN, EDNA
FALLWELL, CLARA
FALLWELL, WILLIE
FINNEY, ELLEN
GARNETT, ANNIE
GILLIAM, HATTIE
GOODMAN, ANNIE
HALES, SUE
HEATH, NELLIE
HARTMAN, ELICE
HUNDLEY, MAY
HUNDLEY, JULIETTE
HURST, GRACE
IVES, MAUDE
JAMES, LIZZIE
JOLLIFFE, ANNA
JONES, PATTY L.
JUSTIS, BESSIE
KELLER, EMILY
KELLY, HATTIE
KELLY, UNA
LEE, ELLEN
LEMON, BETSEY
LEWIS, CARLOTTA
MASON, MAUDE
MOORE, MARY
McCRAW, LUCIE
McCLUNG, SUSIE
MOSS, JANIE
NELSON, STELLA
NEWBILL, IRENE
PALMER, MARGUERITE
PALMER, ALICE
PARROT, LUCY
PRICE, KATHLEEN
PRICE, MARY
PRICE, ESTELLE
ROGERS, ANNA
SANDERLIN, CLARA
SHORT, SABRA
SMITH, NAIDEE
TINSLEY, BESSIE
TRIPLETT, BERTHA
TUCK, URSULA
VAUGHAN, PEARLE
WALTON, GRACE
WARE, ALICE
WARING, EMMA
WATSON, CALVA
WATTS, SUSIE
WIMBISH, EMMETT
WOODSON, MAMIE

Who Is It?

(Tune: Mr. Dooley.)

There is a man that's known to all, a man both calm and cool;
A man, whose name is on the lips of every girl at school;
You hear about him often, and you know his name, no doubt;
You go to see him every day—
You always find him out!

Chorus:

'Tis Mr. Steward, 'tis Mr. Steward,
The biggest, busiest man we ever knew;
Quite sympathetic, and peripatetic,
Is Mister Steward, oooed—ooar'd, oo!

A doctor in this city, once his business was bad;
His name it was unknown, for not a customer he had;
But now his name is famous, his success it is assured,
Just through an extra number of the girls that he has cured.

Chorus:

'Tis Doctor Pillbox, 'tis Doctor Pillbox,
The man we love to see at every call;
Very gigantic, also pedantic,
'Tis Doctor Pillbox, that is all.

Who settles all domestic ills, without a word or blow,
And makes the girls behave themselves wherever they may go?
Who causes them to palpitate, when out of place they're found?
Which seldom ever happens, though, whene'er she goes around.

Chorus:

'Tis Mistress Matron, 'tis Mistress Matron,
The dearest little woman ever known;
The best adviser, to make you wiser,
'Tis Mistress, Mistress Matron, all our own.

Who does the very thing that's right, who knows just what to say?
And when he finds a will, you know, he always finds a way;
Whoever gets the credit for this institution now,
The hero who deserves it, and the man to whom we bow.

Chorus:

Is Mister President, is Mister President,
The man who never fails to win the day;
Quite diplomatic, aristocratic,
Is Mister, Mister President, hooray!

Who gave the hardest question in or out of any book;
And when we flunked on every test, no pity on us took?
They loaded us with work; ah, me, it did no good to talk;
For when they set their heads, be sure, we had to walk a chalk.

Chorus:

It was the Faculty, it was the Faculty,
They taught us every one a thing or two;
And now we leave them, we hope 'twill grieve them;
The Faculty, the Faculty—Booho!

First B Class

MOTTO: "Always faithful."
COLORS: Green and Cream.
FLOWER: Water-lily.

PRESIDENT .....MARTHA CUNNINGHAM
V.-PREST.....MARY VIRGINIA DAVIDSON
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....LOUISE COX

CLASS ROLL

FLORIDA ASHBY
MERLE ABBITT
VIRGIE BYRD ABRAHAM
MARY AVICE ALLEN
ANNIE BELLE AKER
BERTHA ESTELLE AMES
SALLIE LOIS ANDERSON
KATHERINE BIDGOOD
ELLEN YOUNG BRAY
OLIVIA BRIDGES,
MARY PEARLE BURKE
VIVIAN TEMPERANCE BOISSEAU
MINNIE BOWLES
LUCIE ELLA BEATON
FLORENCE LEWELLYN BUSH
JENNIE PARRY CRIGLER
NELLIE G. CORNEAL
ELIZABETH BRADY CARTER
NETTIE CHAPPELL
MARIA HAMILTON CHAPPELL
MATTIE CHICK
LINNIE CLEMMER
CECELIA PEARLE COX
SALLIE DENNIS CROWSON
STEPTOE CHRISTIAN CAMPBELL
ELLIE CHILDS
JULIET MATTIE COLBERT
ALICE B. CROCKETT
MATTIE CONDREY
LUCRETIA VIRGINIA CLARK
MARTHA CUNNINGHAM
LOUISE COX
LUCY PORTS DILLON
ALYDA HATFIELD DEY
ANNA LOIS DIEHL
ANNIE BELLE DOBIE
CLARA G. DUNCAN
MARCIE DUNCAN
MAMIE DUNCAN
JANET AMANDA DUVALL
HENRIETTA CAMPBELL DUNLAP
MARY VIRGINIA DAVIDSON
GEORGIE HAZEL ETHERIDGE
HELEN FITCHET
FLORENCE EDWARDS
ETHLYN FITZ HUGH GOULDING
CASSIE MABEL GROSSCLOSE
ANNA HAMLET
SUE HAMLET
ELISE SANDERS HOLLAND
FANNIE STARK HOWARD
MARY MYRA HOWARD
KATHERINE HARROWER
MARGARET ISABELL HENDERSON
MARY ELAINE HARRIS
OLIVE HINMAN
FANNIE M. HARDY
MARGARET HINTON JACKSON
SALLIE JOYNER
KATIE FANNIE JAMISON
ELEANOR JERDONE
SALLIE ELIZABETH JONES
MARY MARCIE JUSTIS
GERTRUDE CAROLINE KING
MAMIE KING
CARRIE KYLE
ANNIE WILT LIGON
JULIET GERTRUDE LIGON
ELIZABETH LUTTERELL
EVIE LITTLE
BESSIE EDMONIA McCRAW
FRANKIE IRVING McKINNEY
ELIZABETH MAHONEY
DUNDEE MARTIN
VICTORIA BURTON MITCHELL
FANNIE MAUPIN
GEORGIE MAY MILLER
ANTONETTE MORGAN
CARRIE BRUCE MORTON
NANNIE MORRISON
MAUDE NEWCOMB
BESSIE NOEL
BERNICE OGBURN
FRANCES OWEN
JOSEPHINE OWEN
ANNIE PIERCE
MARY PRICE
MARGARET M. PALMER
LUCY PARROTT
MARY PETERS
FANNIE MAY PIERCE
PAGE HUNLEY PIERCE
SUSIE H. PRICE
LUCY KELLEY RICE
NEVIS RICE
ANNE RICHARDSON
MAY RICE
DOROTHY ROGERS
BESSIE RUCKER
IDA SULT
PATTIE ROBERTSON SELDEN
BETTIE PRICE STARLING
MARGARET STEPHENS
ELIZABETH CAMPBELL STERRETT
ELIZABETH K. STOKES
JESSIE STOCKS
MARION DUNDENA SLEDD
BERNIE SMITH
BERTIE STONE
LILLIAN THOMPSON
ANGELA TINSLEY
KATE WARRINER
MARY EMMET WIMBISH
ELLA MYERS WATTS
EDITH WHITLEY
LILLIAN EMMA WOOD
EUGENIE WAMBERSIE
MARGARET WILEY
BLANCHE YEATTS
GERTRUDE YOUNGBLOOD

First A Class

MOTTO: "Where they lead we will follow."

COLORS: Purple and Gold. FLOWER: Carnation.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....RUTH SCHMELTZ
VICE-PRESIDENT.....JULIA PALMER
SECRETARY.....LOCKETT WALTON
TREASURER.....LIZZIE DAVIS

CLASS ROLL

ROBERTA ALLEN
BLANCHE ARMSTEAD
MIRIAM BECKETT
VIRGINIA BLANTON
EMMA E. BLANTON
COLIE BOSWELL
URSULA BOYD
SELMA H. BUTLER
ANNIE L. CLAY
ELIZABETH DAVIS
LUCY DAVIS
GRACE DECKER
LIZZIE DILLON
BELLE GILLIAM
BROOKE GIVENS
PEARLE HITT
DELLA HITT
BEULAH HOLLAND
GRACE HOME
HELEN KING
SALLIE LE CATO
ANNIE LINDSAY
FANNIE MARSTON
CARY B. McCRAW
JULIA PALMER
LUCILE PINKARD
EDNA EARLE PRICE
LOUISE PRICE
CORA QUILLEN
ALICE RANGELEY
MAY W. RICE
EVIE SANFORD
RUTH SCHMELTZ
EMMA SMITH
M. ALICE STRONG
ANNIE PAGE
LEONA THOMAS
EDNA VAUGHAN
LOCKETT WALTON
LILLIE WATTERSON
BETTIE YOUNG

"Pitching Day" Necessary

WHAT is 'Pitching Day'?"

"What historical event does it commemorate?"

"Whose fault is it?"

These are some of the questions that continually harass us during the summer months—the time when this phase of school life especially is thrust far from our minds. Now this is indeed an embarrassing subject of conversation, and since people have so little consideration for our feelings, it may save us a few blushes to have an answer to such inquiries in black and white, instead of in flesh and blood. Of course you will readily see how the crassness of our pericrania renders us impervious to the infiltrations of such new cogitations as these:

I. If a copper bar 20 feet long, 3 feet thick, 8 feet wide, 2 cubic feet in cross sections, at 80° C. is charged with 90 ohms of electricity, how many oscillations will a pendulum make in one day?

II. A ship's crew sees a star 90° E. of its zenith. In what longitude is the ship, and what is the time of the year?

III. Why does the night fall and not break, while the morning breaks and does not fall?

IV. Analyze the following and parse each word: "She is a John Brown pretty girl, and I'll be Dad Zickit if she don't come within a gnat's nose of breaking my heart."

V. Give circumstances connected with Cornwallis' surrender at Appomattox in 1492.

VI. If 2 cows eat as much as 6 sheep, and 6 sheep eat as much as 9 pigs, how much beef will be required to feed a table of S. N. S. girls for one week? [Solve by compound proportion.]

VII. Explain on a purely psychological basis why there is no grass in front of the gymnasium?

VIII. Make one sleight-of-hand drawing.

IX. Reproduce Dr. Winston's lecture on Bacteria.

X. Please write brief but explicit directions telling just how a bird that can sing and won't sing, can be made to sing.

Given ten such "questions," we are unable to squeeze through on examinations, and "Pitching Day" is the unavoidable Q. E. D. M. E. P.

The Training School

ONE of the functions of the Normal School is to bring its student teachers into most intimate relations with child-life. No amount of child-study from text-books and educational magazines can be compared, in point of real teaching value, with the actual contact with children. Psychological investigation and research has its important significance and bearing upon the teaching of youth, but without actual experience among children in their school rooms, in their play, in their homes, and in all the diversified phases of their active life, no one can be expected to meet the full requirements of a well qualified teacher.

Our Training School is an institution designed for a double purpose. In it our student teachers' interests are centered during the greater part of their Senior year. While they are permitted to see, in a general way, the workings of the school throughout their whole course, the real initiative into the methods of instruction, into the spirit and technique of the school, is made in the first half of the Senior year. At this time they are required to visit the different grades, inspect the teaching, take notes on the methods of instruction and discipline, and by careful observation become acquainted with all the work of the several grades. Twice a week they meet for discussion of the work observed, and thus become familiar with the various problems with which they must cope when they enter these grades as teachers. This work prepares them to see the problems which they will probably be called upon to solve.

At a later period the students begin the actual work of teaching. Each teacher is held responsible for a grade until the training teacher in charge is satisfied that she can teach and govern a school. From time to time her work is changed about in the different grades, thus diversifying her experience as much as possible. When, by this process the skillful teacher is produced, the first function of the Training School is accomplished.

The second purpose of the Training School is to employ the very best educational thought in the training of the children. It is not a "practice school" in which embryo teachers try their skill in various pedagogical schemes. But it is a carefully supervised school, in which children are actually trained according to the best pedagogical principles and latest educational thought.

This year marks an important event in the Training School. It has been moved

into its quarters in the new building. Every effort has been made in this new home to place the children under the most favorable environment. Well-lighted and ventilated rooms, furnished with adjustable seats, make the hygienic conditions all that could be desired. Beautiful pictures and mural decorations from the art department give an æsthetic effect to the school that should not be underestimated. Our Training School, in its new surroundings, should be an inspiration to every student-teacher who has caught the true professional spirit.

We wish here to dedicate all failures connected with Training School life to the old building in which we have labored for so many years. In the near future these walls are to be torn away, and as they disappear, so may all the unpleasant memories connected with them vanish, too. All who read the following short story will please remember that this girl taught in the old building, and will attribute her many trials to that fact, knowing that no such things could possibly happen to a teacher in the new one.

A Senior B's Training School Experience

EDNA ———— was promoted in February, and for once in her life she regretted it. The very thought of the Training School had preyed on her mind from the time she entered the school; and now that the time had come when she must take up her duty as school ma'am, she felt that it must be only a horrible nightmare.

The work was assigned on Saturday, and much to Edna's discomfort, the plastic minds of the second grade were given into her charge, and with them directions for handling. All day Sunday was given to meditation on this subject, and with each hour seemed to come an added responsibility.

Monday morning dawned at last, though all too soon for poor Edna. She was certain that she had never been more scared in her life—afraid of the second-grade children, you know. As the children filed up the steps and past her into the room, one little fellow stepped out of line to tell her that she didn't look as though she had as much sense as his former teacher. These words rang in her ears like a death-knell, and she was glad when the lesson had begun, even though her tongue did cleave to the roof of her mouth. But, horrors! was that a pun on her name that was being

whispered from mouth to ear? Sad to say, it was, and—for the first time in her life—she was willing to change her name. One urchin, on being asked where the sun rises, jumped up and answered pertly: "East, 'course; east makes everything rise!" then ran to the front of the room and pulled another little boy's ear nearly off. At the ringing of the first bell, Edna reflected upon this as the most eventful forty-five minutes she had ever spent, and wondered if anything else could possibly happen before she should dismiss the children. They were arranged on the floor for five minutes' gymnastic exercise, and one boy, not careful of his arm movements, accidentally (?) struck his fellow dorsally, and a fight ensued which was only *postponed* by the ringing of the last bell. Edna declared to a classmate that teaching was not half so bad as she had expected it would be. She just didn't know, for her trouble had not yet begun.

In a few days the observation class walked in, and with them came that former teacher of whom she had heard no little, and who now created much excitement among the children. Edna tried to present the lesson in an attractive manner, despite the fact that one knee tried to knock the other from under her, and her teeth chattered like castanets. Soon her attention was attracted to the Senior A's in the window who were writing "for all they were worth." Edna comforted herself, though, by thinking that these girls were just taking advantage of a few spare moments, in which they might finish their theses. Suffice it to say, she found out before many days had passed what these girls were really writing.

The days wore on heavily, their monotony being broken only by occasional notes from the critic teacher. These were very refreshing, especially to her lachrymal glands. Sometimes her children would seem drowsy and she could not divine a way to wake them up. Finally, she thought of singing—the remedy offered by her music teacher—and applied it (forgetful of one precaution). "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," was sung, and the little ones joined in heartily at first, but one by one they dropped off, and before she knew it, half the children were nodding. Now and then it fell to her lot to take them out into the yard to observe nature. At first it made her blood run cold to see several small boys in the tops of the tall trees in the yard, but she soon became used to that. The children are taught spelling phonetically, hence sound goes a long ways with them. Edna, on one occasion, was talking to the children about 'monks,' and was just in the heat of the discussion when one little girl raised her hand. "Well, Annie." "Miss ———, my sister went to the show and saw one of those cute little monkeys all dressed"—Edna stopped her, but, alas! too late, for the subject of monkeys was to those children fraught with deep interest, and would you be surprised to know that the rest of that period had to be devoted to their study?

In time, strange to say, Edna seemed to win the children over one by one, save one little boy, who held out firmly to the end, and who, indeed, shed his influence to some extent among the other children. He was noticed one day abstractedly twining strings around his fingers, from one hand to the other, and Edna walked up to take them from him, when he said, commandingly: "Better get 'way from here! I'm settin' up telephone line, and I'm going to turn on 'lectricity directly—look out!" On being given permission to speak once, he said: "Did you get that word what I sent you yes'd'y?" "No," said his teacher, and he began: "I told a Normal School girl to tell you that you are the baddest old teacher I've got." He seemed to fear that his teacher did not quite understand the degree of his antipathy toward her, so on being asked what a yellow hammer woodpecker does, he said: "Eats up old ugly, hateful, mean school teachers. A'nt you 'fraid of 'em!" All this was a little too much for Edna, and she gave him up as a hopeless task.

Down in her heart the dear little second-grade had won a place, and as the time drew near when she must quit her work, she was loath to leave the few firm allies she had gained. A farewell speech was mustered up, and Edna was presenting it in the sweetest and saddest manner imaginable—indeed, *she* could hardly refrain from crying as she said, "Children, I meet you today for the last time, and"—such cheering might have been expected from a crowd at an opera, but under these conditions it was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, and brought the teacher's sweet words unceremoniously to a close.

M. E. P.

A Lost Magazine

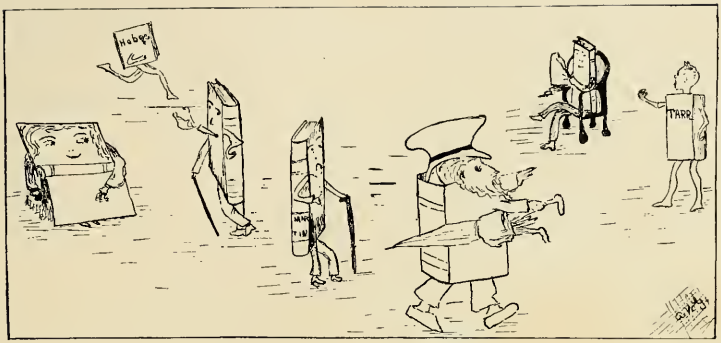
(Tune: Goo-goo Eyes.)

A girl was in the reading room,
A frown was on her face;
A pile of magazines was there,
But one was out of place.
Oh have you seen
That magazine?
I had it charged and took it out
Of it I've not a sign;
Librarian said to me just now:
"You'll have to stand a fine,
Or get that book,
I know you took."

Chorus.

Just because I took that magazine,
Of course some old bad luck must intervene;
And for reading a storiette,
I now must sit and fret
All because I took that magazine.

LIBRARY



A Personification

THE BOOKS DEDICATE THEIR NEW LIBRARY

ONE evening, as soon as the door of the new library is locked and the sound of the Librarian's footsteps die away down the corridor, there arises a great stir among the books; their new library must be dedicated, and since they want it done well, they decide to attend to it themselves. Of course the Training School children (T. S. Library) will be invited, as well as the good cousins in the Y. W. C. A. Home, and the friends that live in the chapel, the music books.

Many days are spent in planning—at last all is arranged. The new library is to be vacated by all except "Miss Beecher's Housekeeper and Healthkeeper," Mr. "Light and Electricity," and Mrs. "Heat," who are to remain and have all in readiness by the day of the dedication. Mr. "Whitney and Lockwood" is to plan the program, because he understands laws of composition. Mr. "Correspondence" and Miss "Copy Book" compose the invitation committee. Many are the notes of regret they receive: The "Ladies' Home Journal" family regret that they cannot be present; that it will be impossible, since they have nothing to wear; the young ladies of the S. N. S. have very much disfigured their robes, by tearing samples from them. Some one else writes, "I have Due February 31" written on my back and am ashamed to come. Mr. "Snow Bound" is comfortably located between "The Arctic Regions" and "The Glacial Period" and is afraid of draughts.

The supper problem is a very perplexing one, for certainly the supper Mr. "Wild Animals" would enjoy would not be one that "Little Flower Folks" would. Mr. "Anno Domini Two Thousand" and the "Old Fashion Girl" could not eat at the same table. After much planning and many suggestions from Mr. "Bright Idea," it is decided that the Magazine Room is to be the dining hall. Messrs. "White," "Ray" and "Rich Men" are made a committee of three to figure out the cost of the supper. Miss "Unleavened Bread" and Mr. "Chemistry of Cookery" are very enthusiastic over the idea, and make great preparations for a delightful spread for "Evangeline,"

"The Headsman," the "Old Maid," "Maud Muller" and "Barbara Freitchie." The members of the "Literary Digest" family are to act as waiters. The new text books are to entertain the older ones, so this will give them enough "to think over, assimulate and digest." "Nothing to Eat" is to talk with Mr. "Dyspepsia." The other guests are to be entertained by "Professor at the Breakfast Table," "Over the Tea Cups" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table."

At last the great day arrives. Many have come, but still others are coming. "Madam How and Lady Why" is having quite an animated conversation with Mr. "Cause and Effect."

"Who is that stately gentleman coming in now?"

"Mr. Tarr's 'Geography'; he thinks he is the most popular book in the library, but there are others as much thought of, for instance, Mr. 'Sedgewick and Wilson' or Mr. 'Guide to Virginia,' who is now acting as one of the ushers."

Here Mr. "School Management" calls for order, and announces the first on the program to be music, furnished by the friends from the chapel. The music is very sad, and Mr. "French Grammar" is near; therefore (as Wells' Geometry would say), "Wee Wifie," (a grass widow) decided to faint and falls into the gallant young gentleman's arms. Had Mr. "Grammar" been a man like the "Hero," the "Right Man," or any other member of the so-called "trashy novels," Mr. "Tableaux" would have been sufficiently amused, but Miss "Sense and Sensibility" is standing near, so Mr. "Grammar" merely hands the fainting woman over to Mr. "Martin."

The next on the program is a short talk by Mr. "Encyclopedia," who begins by reminding all that his talk will be especially for the children, and ends with this phrase, "Man is a cychological dymanic, a trichotomy, a comic of mycologist of metropolitan municipalities." While Mr. "Encyclopedia" is thus amusing the children, Miss "Everyday English" has a puzzled expression on her face, until Mr. "Key to English Language" softly whispers to her; then she smiles understandingly.

The rest of the program goes off very smoothly, except when Mr. "Liebig" is making a little talk and is disturbed by "Peck's Bad Boy," who whispers, "Say, 'Tom Sawyer,' turn his name around, and you will have what he is saying."

The program is completed by the dedicatory address, made by Mr. "Webster's Dictionary" (true it is not Daniel, but a Webster, nevertheless). The library is dedicated to the students of the Normal School, and the books promise to give themselves up unreservedly to the service of the students; to be "spoken for," to be abused, to be borrowed and kept so long as to cost a fine, and even to have their backs broken, if need be.

Annie Gresham.

A Study Showing the Effect of Color on American Authors

THERE is no color outside of ourselves. Color is purely a sensation, the result of the impact of ether waves upon the retina of the eye; just as sound is a sensation, the result of vibrations caused by the impact of sound waves upon the drum of the ear. The recognition of the sensation of color is called the color sense. This color sense varies greatly in individuals, because of heredity and because of the greater or less degree of cultivation. There seems to be a marked connection between magnetism and color. It is evident that we are only on the borderland of the great field of color. The study of color audition is one of extreme interest. It is interesting, also, to study the color perception of the poets. Gladstone believed the people of the time of Homer to have had very little color perception. Although Virgil dealt so largely with outdoor scenes, he shows very little color feeling. Among early English poets—Chaucer and Shakespeare delight in color. Upon later poets—Pope, Cowper, Young, Thomson, and Gray—color does not seem to have made so much impression. But the more modern poets are full of appreciation for the presence of color, and take real delight in it, notably Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and Tennyson. Wordsworth's fine poem, "The Daffodil," is a delightful instance.

The experiments with Indians from eight to eighteen years of age show a decided inclination towards blue, while those with colored students of the same age indicate a preference for blue and violet, and those with Chinese from eight to fourteen indicate a preference for red and orange.

Color is ever present, to be observed, and in observing, the sense perceptions are exercised and the study of color thus becomes a powerful means of mental development. There is no object so foul that intense color will not make it beautiful. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature, with all her marvelous colorings, is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the lawyer, or the clergyman, coming in out of the din and craft of the street, sees the sky and the woods, and is man again.

In studying poetry, we are surprised to find how often reference is made to color and how an author will mention the same color again and again. Let us take Longfellow for example. His favorite color seems to be blue. As above mentioned, experiments with Indian girls and boys show a very marked tendency to blue, and perhaps this will account for Longfellow's frequent references to this color, especially in his writings about the Indians. He mentions gold about as often as he does blue. It might be interesting to note the different colors that he uses:

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so BLUE and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine."

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright BLUE eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"BLUE were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

From Longfellow, the poet, we pass to Hawthorne, the master of romance. The former ministered to a latent sense of beauty, while the latter is probably the completest and most discerning interpreter of the inmost spirit of New England Puritanism. In studying Hawthorne's color perception, we see that gold is mentioned most frequently. This partiality to gold in a manner conforms with his love of romance, with which we always associate the purest ideas. He speaks of;

"A beam of the slant west sunshine,—
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale GOLD hair."

"She took a glimpse out of the window, half dreaming, that she might see the GOLDEN-haired children of paradise sporting with her own GOLDEN-haired."

"O fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes and hair of GOLD."

We cannot read the smallest part of an author's poetical works without seeing, from the color he uses, how deeply he is in communion with nature. We can see in Whittier's references to color, his love for the more sombre hues, for gray is more predominant than any other color. This is not true of all of his writings, for purple, yellow, brown, green, blue, golden, crimson, and red appear frequently.

"They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed its noon,
And the GRAY and darkening waters roll above the sunken moon."

"She climbed and saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The duck's black squadron anchored lay,
Beneath the GRAY November cloud."

"A spell is in this old GRAY stone,
My thoughts are with the past alone."

Let us now consult Emerson, the thinker of that grand New England group, and get his ideas of color. Emerson was descended from one of those families of ministers and scholars which Holmes has called the "academic" families of New England. Emerson's writings were greatly influenced by writers of earlier times, among them Wordsworth in his nature poetry. A man with the great love for nature that he demonstrates could not refrain from expressing it in his writings, some of which are quoted below. Purple seems to be his favorite color.

"Yon ridge of PURPLE landscape,
Yon sky between the walk,
Hold all the hidden wonders
In scanty intervals."

"The delicious fancies of youth reject the least savor of a mature philosophy, as chilling with age and pedantry their PURPLE bloom."

"The PURPLE petals, fallen in the pool,
Make the black water with their beauty gay."

Next we will study Lowell. By nature, Lowell was dreamy and poetic, and an ardent lover of beauty. He made a special study of different types of women, and

this necessitated many references to color. Lowell, like Whittier, shows a preference for gold.

"Her hair was as wavy and GOLDEN
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of the brook."

"And the light of the heaven she's gone to,
Transfigures her GOLDEN hair."

Another notable member of this group who lived around and in Cambridge, and who was the last to die, was Oliver Wendell Holmes. The writings of Holmes have not so much depth as those of his predecessors, and although he looked at things in another light, thus becoming a humorist, a keen-witted, fun-loving spirit, we find many references to color, some of which are in the following quotations. He seems particularly fond of purple.

"This is the venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its PURPLE wings."

"The smooth, soft air, with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening PURPLE rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush."

Finishing the New England group, and considering our Southern writers, we naturally think of Poe. He is considered by critics to be the best poet of the South, and if we adopt his theory of poetry, we admit that he was the best poet that America has ever produced. His prose writings are very weird and mysterious. Poe, being a writer of such repute, the natural supposition is that the study of his color references would be very fascinating. He is another who especially likes gold:

"A GOLDEN pallor of voluptuous light,
Filled the warm southern night."

Other authors we might mention, but it will be scarcely necessary to mention them in detail. Among these we might mention the references to color by Bryant, E. C. Stedman, Bayard Taylor, and, finally, our beloved Southern author, Thomas Nelson Page. Bryant seems to like blue best.

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When even the deep BLUE heavens look glad?"

Stedman mentions red most frequently.

"Corn will grow and peaches REDDEN."

Page, like so many others above mentioned, refers to blue so often.

"I never is been hear
Nothin' but good o' him;
An' now ter think dem bright BLUE eyes is dim!"

"In dat BLUE sky,
It do appear,
Someway,
Dat he is furder off fom' me dan dey;
It do appear."

It might be interesting to notice that the color perceptions of poets reveal themselves not only in their writings, but also in the names of books. Such as, Red Rock, by Thomas Nelson Page; A Bow of Orange Ribbon, by Amelia Barr; and The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane.

We might continue this discussion to some length, but enough instances of the use of color in literature have been given to show how great has been its influence in the literary world.

"Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole; take away color from a thing, and all the beauty is gone."

ELMER L. CRIGLER.

A Midnight Feast on Professional Hall

(With Apologies to E. A. Poe.)

Once upon a midnight dark, while I lay awake and hark,
Waiting for some girl to call me to the banquet on our hall.
While I lay there almost napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
And 'twas some one gently rapping, rapping on my chamber door.
Ah! that's Lucy come to call me—call me to the feast in store—
This it is and nothing more.

Ah! distinctly I remember; it was in the calm September,
And each flickering gleam of lamplight, threw its ghost upon the floor.
Quietly I rose and started, but behold a shadow darted,
As if some one had suspected that some mischief was in store—
Mischief over which our matron constantly did sigh and pore—
Known to us forevermore.

Back into my room I started, but the door had kindly parted;
And the turkey there displayed, soon my every fear allayed.
Hesitating then no longer, since my courage had grown stronger,
Out into the hall I hastened—to this room of rare delight.
There to join this merry party in the revels of midnight—
Closed the door and fixed it tight.

As we stood around the table, with no sign of spoon or ladle,
Each did justice to her portion, and the silence was unbroken,
Save by mice, impatient, eager, waiting for their share so meagre.
All at once the door flew open, and these words were clearly spoken
By our matron who had caught us, who unceasingly had sought us—
Little money would have bought us!

"Girls, why will you keep persisting? when I'm constantly insisting
That you shall not light a candle for a feast at this late hour.
To your rooms now go and never, never think yourselves so clever,
That you ever can deceive me." Then she turned and quit the door,
Saying as she left us quaking, every minute more and more:
"This I've told you o'er and o'er."

SUTHERLIN AND PECK.

The Tale of Two Crosses

SITTING before his rude hut, Jack Burns, an old fisherman, was contentedly puffing at his pipe, and listlessly watching the smoke curl upward and float away. For sometime he sat, dreaming of the blossoming hedge-rows and fragrant green lanes of dear old England. Presently he knocked the ashes from his pipe, placed it tenderly in his pocket, and walked slowly toward the shore.

Gazing out intently upon the broad expanse of water before him, he saw in the distance a white speck, the sail of a ship. What could it mean? No vessel was expected from England at this time. Could it be pirates, or an enemy's vessel? Terror seized him at the thought, but soon his eager eyes made out the English flag fluttering from the mast-head. His heart beat fast as he watched the vessel ploughing proudly up the bosom of the James.

It was a small merchantman, carrying only a few passengers, among them Mr. Preston, a wealthy English gentleman, who was attracted to Virginia by a love of adventure, as well as a desire to add to his wealth by raising tobacco, then so extensively cultivated. With him were his wife and his only child, a little girl of twelve, with a sweet, dreamy face, dark curls, and deep brown eyes.

After a short visit in Jamestown, they moved farther west, into what is now known as Prince Edward county, where a log hut of the rudest type became their temporary home. It was situated on the side of a hill, and consisted of only two rooms; the lower one was scarcely high enough to allow a man to stand upright; it had a broad fireplace in one end; at the other ladder-like steps led to the attic room above. How different from the beautiful home beyond the seas! Still, they were happy, and even enjoyed the novelty of this rough simplicity.

In front of the hut the land had been cleared, and here Mr. Preston planted tobacco. Back of the cabin was a stretch of woodland, while on the lower slope of the hill, called "Pine Slope," was a small, cleared space, surrounded by trees of gigantic height, virgin pines and poplars. At the foot of the hill was a deep ravine, and beyond this hills stretched away into the distance.

The Indians were all around, but they were a friendly tribe, whom no one feared. Not far away was the wigwam of the old chief, Black Snake, and his only son, Uncas, a lad of sixteen. The boy was almost worshiped by his people, for he was not only fine-looking, but was also brave and fearless, outstripping his companions in all their sports and in skillful use of the bow.

While hunting one day, he passed Mr. Preston's cabin, and was attracted by little Blair, who sat on the steps. Approaching her, he laid at her feet some of the game he had killed. She was not at all frightened, and began talking with him, admiring the feathers in his hair and the bright beads around his neck. Taking off a string of the beads, he gave them to her; as she threw them over her head, he caught sight of a tiny gold cross, suspended from a delicate chain about his neck. She explained to him its meaning, and told him how much she prized it, because it had been given her by a playmate in England. He lingered talking to her, and gazing at her sweet, tender face, which seemed to charm him.

After that he came often to see her, and many happy hours they spent together on Pine Slope, their favorite haunt. Here Uncas built between two trees a rustic bench, which has long since grown into the trees, and though weather-beaten and decayed, it remains to this day. Sitting here, Blair would listen with breathless interest to thrilling tales of the warpath, and to curious items of Indian tradition.

She was filled with a desire to visit the Indians, and early one morning she and her father, with Uncas as proud guide, set out toward the wigwam.

In the tribe was an old squaw, who looked at least two hundred years old. Her form was bent and shrunken, her skin parched and drawn, but from her small black eyes shot rays of piercing, fiendish light. She pretended to understand the ways of the Evil One, and upon seeing her one was almost convinced that her claims were true. With glittering eyes she gazed at beautiful little Blair. She muttered something about the child's beauty, then in croaking voice declared that sorrow awaited the little paleface. Blair shrunk from her, and clung tightly to her father.

Soon after this visit, Mr. Preston moved into his new house, which he had built on the other side of Pine Slope, Brooke Hall presented a striking contrast to the rude hut they had left, but Blair loved best the little cabin, their first home.

During the many months which followed, Blair and Uncas became staunch friends. He made her a bow and taught her how to use it. She was not satisfied till she had a hunting suit. It consisted of a short red, fringed skirt, over which hung points of fur forming an over-skirt; and a jacket, trimmed with fur and cunningly embroidered with beads. She wore feathers in her hair, and leather leggins and tiny moccasins completed her suit. With a form as lithe and supple as a willow, she seemed a noble Indian princess.

But changes were taking place—changes which threatened the friendship of the Indian lad and the English maiden. Persuaded by his friend, Mr. Preston, Mr. Page came to America, and built a handsome house near Brooke Hall. Several years passed, during which Blair saw more and more of Loomis Page, the tall manly son of their neighbor. In him Uncas recognized the giver of the little gold cross which he had always admired.

Uncas watched them with jealous eyes, and before they themselves were conscious of their deepening love for each, the wary Indian knew it, and he hated Loomis with burning intensity, equalled only by the strength of his hidden love for Blair. Uncas felt that he must avoid the sight of their happiness if he would control his murderous

hatred, and when Blair would chide him for not coming to see her he would turn his head sadly away, muttering brokenly something about the paleface stealing all her time. Blair guessed not the depth of the Indian's fierce love, and was happy with Loomis, unconscious of danger. She laid aside the once-beloved moccasins, hunting suit and bow, keeping them only as precious reminders of her happy childhood. The thought that he would never again see her, his "paleface princess," in the beautiful garments of his race, left a smouldering fire in the eyes of the watchful Uncas.

One evening as the twilight fell, Loomis and Blair sat together on the bench that Uncas had made between the trees. Both were sad, for on the morrow he must go to Jamestown, to be absent several months. They were long silent, her small hand clasped in his. Their hearts understood each other and needed not the faltering, tremulous words of love which fell at last from the young man's lips: "Blair, I love you! When I return from Jamestown, may I claim you as my own?" Though she spoke not, her lips raised to his gave the tender promise.

Reluctantly they arose and walked slowly to the house, but not before the stealthy Indian, returning from the hunt, himself unseen, saw all. So great was his fury that he could scarcely stay the murderous hand. He bounded toward them—then turned and fled silently into the forest, smothering a cry of pain.

That night Uncas persuaded Black Snake to allow him to go to the Great Lakes and there join the friendly tribes who were at war with the northern Indians. The next evening he went to see Blair once more, and as he went up Pine Slope he saw her standing at the foot of a tall poplar. Her white-clad form leaned lightly against the tree, and with closed eyes and bent head she moved her lips in prayer, and tenderly kissed the little gold cross which hung from her neck.

The Indian's heart was softened by a sight so fair, but in another moment a whispered word, "Loomis!" turned it to flint. Then his blood felt as fire; maddened to frenzy, he raised his bow and with unerring aim sent a deadly arrow to her heart. She fell heavily to the ground; a crimson stream dyed the white gown Uncas hurriedly raked away the leaves, and with his hunting knife deftly dug a narrow grave. He took the cross from her neck, and when he touched the sweet, lifeless form his face blanched and his strong frame shook. He hastily filled the grave with stones and earth tightly packed, then strewed over it sticks, stones and leaves, and with a skill known only to the cunning Indians removed every trace of the deed.

When Blair was missed, the father's heart stood still with an unspeakable fear. "Indians!" he whispered hoarsely. All night search-parties scoured the country. A swift messenger was sent to Loomis, and he who had gone away with a heart full of happy hopes returned after three days with drawn, set face and eyes from which the light had gone forever.

At Black Snake's wigwam, Mr. Preston and Loomis learned of Uncas' departure, and despair settled upon them. The old witch's fiendish laugh made them shudder as they turned away, but they were convinced that Black Snake knew nothing about it, if his son were guilty of what they feared.

Year after year passed in heavy sadness. Loomis cared as tenderly for Blair's

sorrowing parents are she herself could have done, and he was grateful when they called him tenderly, "my son!" No news had ever come and none was now expected, concerning their darling's mysterious loss. Their hearts longed for the end of the way, when they would know all.

In the north, Uncas fought bravely, and led his men to many victories. While still a young man, he was seized with a deadly disease. The medicine man could do nothing for him. Despite his weakness, Uncas determined to see Pine Slope once more before he went to the Happy Hunting-ground. The journey was a long and difficult one, and made in pain.

Late one evening he reached Pine Slope, and dragged himself to the popular tree at the head of Blair's grave. With his axe he cut a cross on the tree, but his strength was failing him, and it took much effort to accomplish his purpose. He had almost finished it, when, hearing a step in the leaves, he turned and saw a man approaching slowly, with eyes bent upon the ground in sad thought. The stranger suddenly raised his head and stared into the eyes of the dying Indian. They gazed at each other in silence, until Uncas took the little gold cross from his belt and handed it to Loomis. Then in faltering tones, between short, quick gasps for breath, he confessed all. Loomis spoke not, but across his face flashed first horror and anger, then grief and pity. The Indian lifted his weary eyes to Loomis, and with all his former pride and dignity begged forgiveness. When he had finished speaking his tired head dropped, one long sigh escaped his lips, and he was dead.

Then Loomis digged another grave beneath the poplar and therein kindly laid the once proud young chief, saying brokenly: "Thou, too, hast a heart, red man!"

M. Katharine Grayson.

The Lesson of the Violets

Faithless we are in our vain jealousy;
We doubt when we should trust; are vain when we
Should lowly, meek and humble strive to be;
We seek, oh, God, to know Thy mystery.
Thinking we're strong in our infirmity,
We will not learn the lessons we should see,
Nor read the meaning that was placed by Thee
In the sweet violet's humility.
Low down among the leaves in modesty
These violets bloomed, and hid their fragrance there;
I sent them to my lady. On her breast
And in the sunny tresses of her hair
They shed their fragrance, nestled gracefully,
I know they are above all violets blest.

Nay, we are stubborn and we will not learn;
The clearest lessons seem to us obscure,
We are in danger, feeling most secure;
Life's blessings in disguise we'll not discern,
For what we cannot have we ever yearn;
We fain would enter every closed door,
We strive for what would make us doubly poor;
And ever from the good to evil turn,
Oh, violets sweet, upon my lady's breast,
And shedding all your fragrance dying there,
Teach us the lessons that God's mercies spread
In all your fragrant blooms so sweet and fair,
Let but our souls be of one gift possessed—
The lingering fragrance of sweet violets dead.

J. Miller Leake.

A Hero Unknown to Fame

IN those ante-bellum days, when everywhere there was peace, happiness and contentment, my grandfather first showed to the wondering world the great power of his lungs. That same day his father chose and brought up from the quarters Black Billie, to be the play-fellow and protector of "Little Marse Seymour." All through the joys and sorrows of childhood Black Billie was grandfather's most devoted slave and companion. They stood together the storm of An' Nervy's sharp tongue for the sake of a gooseberry tart; they fished together at the mill pond; they ran off and visited together the rows of smiling, shiny faces down at the quarters; they listened together, with open mouths, to the wonderful tales told by "mammy"; and while at church together they first saw Miss Anne, the beautiful little daughter of their neighbor, "Marse John Holman." To see Miss Anne was to love her; so that is how it happened that Black Billie was sent, the very next day, hurrying along towards "Marse John's" with a great bunch of tea roses from "Little Marse Seymour."

Soon after this, Grandfather, with Black Billie still at his heels, went off to college. Then followed years of hard study, for everything essential, in that day and time, in a gentleman's education, had to be fought over and won.

My grandfather was eighteen years old on that memorable day when he came back from school a graduate. In honor of the event, a great ball was given at Sunny Side, his home, and all the families in the county came. Never had Black Billie been so proud of his handsome young master as he was when Marse Seymour opened the ball with Miss Anne, the belle of the county. Perhaps you thought that my grandfather, while away, had forgotten Miss Anne, but Black Billie knew that he had not. When the young man saw her that night, in all her fresh, girlish beauty, the spark of childish love, which had been kept alive in his heart, burst into a flame so bright and strong that it was destined never to go out.

We, who live in a fierce, wild rush, a mad fight for gold, can scarcely imagine the summer that followed, so full was it of fun, happiness, leisure and love.

In the meantime, the saddest thing that can ever happen had happened to our beloved country; war was declared, and the men and boys all over the South went to fight their Northern brothers. Of course, grandfather, with his ever faithful body-servant, left home and friends to fight for his land. And when Black Billie saw the tears in Miss Anne's eyes, after Marse Seymour said good-bye, a great pity for the young lovers filled his gentle heart. He bowed his head before the sight of the girl's grief, saying as tenderly as the noblest could have done: "Dar now, Miss Anne, doan' yer cry, Miss Honey, kase I gwine ter bring him back ter you, I pintedly is." She

touched the black hand in gratitude, while Billie kept murmuring: "Yas, little Mistis, ole Billie gwine tek good care o' Marse Seymour; I'd die for him, Miss Anne!"

Into the fiercest part of every battle grandfather, with Black Billie, always went. One day the men grew desperate. The battle had lasted almost all day, when at last the two armies closed on each other. Grandfather fought hand to hand with a blue-coat. Suddenly there was a flash of steel, a smothered cry: "Good God! Marse Seymour!" and Black Billie sprang in front of the foe and received in his own breast the sword thrust intended for the heart of his young master. Without a groan he sank to the earth. Grandfather sat down on the ground and gathered the black head into his arms, while the tears blinded him. He heard his faithful Billie saying: "Is yer cryin' fer me, Marse Seymour? Lordy, little Marster, I wuz jes' bleeged ter do it. Dis nigger ain' nuth'n but er ole cowerd; does yer reckon I'd face Miss Anne's lovely eyes wid you ded? No, sar!" He was silent a few moments, and then again he spoke more faintly: "Good-bye, Marse Seymour,—will yer kiss Miss Anne's little white hand fer me?—and tell her—I is glad I—kep'—my promise." And the hero went to his reward with a brave, sweet smile on his dark face.

Today, the most cherished possession of Miss Anne's daughter is a faded gray coat, and as she puts her slender finger through the stained gash in the left side of the old garment, she says, lovingly: "Dear old Black Billie! you gave your life for my dear father!"

Elizabeth Richardson.

STATISTICS

1. Harriet Hankins—Most graceful.

2. Lucile Kent—Best dancer.

3. Mary Frayser—Faculty pet.

4. Ethel Arvin—Most popular.

5. Ruth Clendening—Strongest character.

6. Elise Hartman—Most worldly minded.

7. Neville Watkins { 1. Best girl. 2. Faculty pet.

8. Lucy Daniel { 1. Sportiest looking. 2. Jolliest. 3. Wittiest.

9. Annie Doughty—Most intellectual.

10. Annie Gresham—Most credulous.

11. Anne Richardson—Cutest.

12. Ray Rogers—Most modest.

LUCILE KENT
MARY FRAYSER
HARRIET HANKINS
ETHEL ARVIN
NEVILLE WATKINS
ELISE HARTMAN
LUCY DANIEL
RUTH CLENDENNING
ANNE DOUGHTY
ANNIE GRESHAM
ANNE RICHARDSON
ROY ROGERS

Y. W. C. A.

LUCY MANSON .... PRESIDENT
CARRIE SUTHERLIN..... VICE-PRESIDENT
JESSIE WHITMORE..... SECRETARY
CARRIE MARTIN..... TREASURER

MOTTO

"Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of host."

AIM

The development of Christian characters in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the Institution.

THE session of 1902-'03 has been a very prosperous one for our Young Women's Christian Association. Last September a large number of our members came early to welcome the new girls and to help make them feel as comfortable as possible in their new school home.

The Devotional Committee, which plans the programmes for our public meeting on Saturday afternoon, has done especially well this term, for our meetings have been very interesting every time. Every member of the Association is given an opportunity to take active part some time during the year; but if inclined, they have the privilege of refusing. However, we are glad to say that it is seldom a girl declines to take active part.

Once every month, the Saturday afternoon meeting is devoted to the great cause of missions. The Mission Study Class meets every Friday afternoon to study the lives and works of great missionaries. This class is taught by members of the Faculty, it has been well attended during the session. We now have in our missionary treasury over twenty-five dollars ($25.00); with this we expect to educate a child in some foreign field for missionary work.

The next important feature of our Y. W. C. A. is the Bible Classes. These, with the exception of one, are taught by the girls themselves. We have one lesson in this work per week, the classes usually meeting on Sunday afternoon.

There are two courses in this work. The Life of Christ, and Acts and Epistles. We have in school fourteen Bible class teachers, and one hundred and eighty-five girls taking the work. This work is, of course, spontaneous on the part of the students.

Last September the Social Committee gave an entertainment to the new girls; it was very informal—a "tacky party." This was to help the new girls become acquainted, and to make them feel at home here among us. There was, however, one part of the entertainment that wasn't one bit "tacky," and that was the refreshments, which were served by our association members to their new fellow students.

Our Y. W. C. A. has two hundred and eight members, and the amount now in treasury is about thirty dollars ($30.00).

Last summer we sent one representative to the Southern Students' Conference at Asheville, N. C., and expect to send another this summer. Then, in November, we sent a representative to the State Convention at Staunton, Va.

Because our school is a state institution, and can have no regular religious instructions given by the faculty, it is often said that our students are not so much interested in religious affairs. But it is gratifying to us to know this is not so. Although the school is a state institution, a delightful religious spirit seems to prevail in it; for many of the students, as well as all of the faculty, are earnest Christian workers, both in school and in church.

LUCY MANSON.

SFNS

BASKET BALL

SPARTANS

COLORS: Red and Gold.

YELL: Hurrah, hurrah!
Ra, ra, ray!
Spartans, Spartans!
We are they!

HELTER SKELTER

COLORS: Basket-ball brown and
Gym.-suit blue.

YELL: Ta, ra, ra!
Sis, boom, delta!
We are the victors!
Helter Skelter!

SCORE

Spartans, 0. Helter Skelter, 7.

UMPIRE---MISS HILLS

SPARTANS	
CAPTAIN.....	LUCY ANDERSON
CENTRE.....	MARY ALSTON
RIGHT FORWARD....	GRACE WALTON
LEFT FORWARD.....	PATTIE JONES
RIGHT GUARD.....	BESSIE TINSLEY
LEFT GUARD.....	LUCY ANDERSON

HELTER SKELTER	
CAPTAIN..	ETHEL TOPPING
CENTRE.....	CARRIE SUTHERLIN
RIGHT FORWARD...	ETHEL TOPPING
LEFT FORWARD....	CARRIE MARTIN
RIGHT GAURD...	ALICE PAULETT
LEFT GAURD.....	MARIA COCKE

B. B. T. II. A and II. B

II. A BASKET BALL TEAM

"THE B. B. T."

COLORS: Black and Gold.

CAPTAIN OF TEAM.....RUBY BRUGH
RIGHT FORWARD.....ANNA JOLIFFE
LEFT FORWARD....JENNIE CRIGLER
CENTRE.....ELISE HARTMAN
RIGHT GUARD.....LIZZIE JAMES
LEFT GUARD.....RUBY BRUGH

II. B BASKET BALL TEAM

"THE ANCHOR."

COLORS: Green and White.

CAPT. OF TEAM. CORNELIA STERRETT
RIGHT FORWARD. ELIZABETH VERSER
LEFT FORWARD.... .....BYRD KING
CENTRE.... CORNELIA STERRETT
RIGHT GUARD....LUCIE CHRISMAN
LEFT GUARD.....ELEANOR ABBITT

GOLF CLUB

President,
ELMER CRIGLER.

Vice-President,
BESSIE STERRETT.

Sec. and Treas.,
HARRIET HANKINS.

Grand Tournament,
May 29, 1903,
The appointed time, but
"there'll be no show."

Green Committee—
"UNCLE ROBERT."

Caddies

CARRIE HENDERSON
HENRIETTA DUNLAP
ETTA SAMPSON
JANIE CRUTE

Motto

"We would if we could,
but if we can't how
can we?"

Colors

Transparent and Invisible.

JANIE CRUTE
CLAIR WOODRUFF
ELIZABETH
BASKERVILL
CARRIE HENDERSON
MARY ALSTON
BESSIE JUSTICE

ETTA SAMPSON
NEVILLE WATKINS
MARY PECK
HENRIETTA DUNLAP
ANNIE McLAUGHLIN
CARRIE SUTHERLIN

Yell

Ripety, rapety,
Biggest fake
'F we had the links
With missing links
Rah!
Long live

Hip, La, Lee,
of 1903.
we'd play right well,
no one can tell.
Rah!
the "Jonahs!"

Tennis Club No. 1.

OFFICERS

CLAIR WOODRUFF ..... PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH BASKERVILL ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
ETTA SAMPSON ..... SECRETARY

MEMBERS

ETTA SAMPSON
ELMER CRIGLER
HARRIET HANKINS
EDNA ELCAN
CARRIE HENDERSON
CLAIR WOODRUFF
ELIZABETH BASKERVILL
CLAUDIA PERKINS

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. JONES
MISS ANDREWS

Tennis Club No. 2.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ..... LUCILE KENT
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... JESSIE WHITMORE
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ..... LUCY MANSON

MEMBERS

JUSTINE PICKERELL
EMMA KELLER
ANNA JOLLIFFE
ELIZABETH KING
DAISY FOSTER
STELLA NELSON
JULIA PALMER
LOUISE VAUGHN
LUCY CHRISMAN
JANIE CRUTE
FANNY WOLFE
GRACE ADAMS

Skater's Club

PRESIDENT..... ..... STELLA NELSON
VICE-PRESIDENT..... .....JESSIE WHITMORE
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ..... ELISE HARTMAN

FAVORITE POSITION..... .....At a stand still
FAVORITE EXPRESSION.....“It's only a case on ice”
CHARACTERISTICS.. .....Red noses and frozen toes(es)
SONG.....“Please, oh please, oh, do not let me fall ’

MEMBERS

MERLE ABBITT
ANGELA TINSLEY
EMMA KELLER
ETTA SAMPSON
CLAIR WOODRUFF
BESSIE STERRETT
NETTIE DUNLAP
EUGENIA WAMBERSIE
B. LA BOYTEAUX
CARRIE WHITE
DAISY FOSTER
ELIZABETH KING
LOUISE PRICE
EMMA WARING
ELLEN LEE
SUE GANNAWAY
JENNIE CRIGLER
CARRIE HENDERSON
FANNY MARSTON
GEORGIA MILLER
MARY BOISSEAU
CARRIE KYLE
ANNE RICHARDSON
ANNA PAXTON
KATHLEEN PRICE

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS HILLS
DR. SEARS

SORORITIES.

Sigma Sigma Sigma

Chartered by the Legislature of Virginia

COLORS: Purple and White. FLOWER: Purple Violet.

YELL

Skull and cross-bones, rah! rah! rah!
Sigma Sigma Sigma, ha! ha! ha!
Death and destruction to things that are wrong,
Strength and protection—we're the strong—
Skull and cross-bones, rah! rah! rah!
Sigma Sigma Sigma, ha! ha! ha!

IN FACULTATE

HELEN BLACKISTON NATALIE LANCASTER

IN COLLEGIO

MARY LITTLEPAGE POWERS
ELIZABETH VARA BLACKMORE
KATHLEEN GERTRUDE PRICE
ETTA SAMPSON
SALLIE GUY DAVIS
ELLEN MOORE LEE
ETTA SINCLAIR
HARRIET PARKER HANKINS
RENA ARMSTRONG

IN URBE

LOUISE PARRAMORE
ELIZABETH STOKES
NELLIE CARSON SMITHEY
ANNE LAVINIA RICHARDSON
RHEA CLARK SCOTT
JENNIE CARTER JACKSON

GOAT

? ? — , x x x ◖ x ! — , , R y ? ? — .

© A WRIGHT, PHILA

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA

Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority

Organized in the State Normal School, Farmville, Va., Oct. 15, 1898.
Chartered by the Legislature of Virginia March 15, 1902.

CHAPTERS

ALPHA CHAPTER ..... State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia
BETA CHAPTER ..... Sub Rosa
GAMMA CHAPTER ..... Hannah Moore Academy, Reisterstown, Maryland
DELTA CHAPTER ..... Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Virginia

COLORS: Turquoise Blue and Steel Gray. FLOWER: Double White Violet.

YELL

Heido, Kivo!
Siskum razzle dalpha;
Here we are, here we are
Zeta Tau Alpha!

IN URBE

CLAIR WOODRUFF
EDITH DUVALL
NORA WHITE
LAURA LEE CARTER
MRS. WALKER SCOTT
CARRIE KYLE

IN COLLEGIO

LILA WALLER DU VAL
MARY OLIVIA FRAYSER
JESSIE EVERS WHITMORE
MARY CLAUDIA PERKINS
ELIZABETH WINDSOR KING
JANIE MAY CRUTE
JULIA DREW PALMER
GEORGIE MAY MILLER
GRACE ADAMS

E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

ZETA TAU ALPHA SORORITY

Kappa Delta Fraternity

Founded in 1895. Made National in 1902.

CHAPTERS

Alpha.. ..... State Normal School
Beta..... ....Chatham Episcopal Institute
Gamma..... .....Hollins Institute
Theta..... Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Epsilon ....Gunston Institute

CALL

Alpha Kappa Delta
The Alpha, the Alpha, the Alpha Kappa Delta.
Alpha Kappa Delta,
We're loyal and true to the Alpha Kappa Delta.

SORORES IN URBE

MARY JACKSON
SUSIE SCOTT
GENEVIEVE VENABLE

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

RUTH SCHMELZ
FANNIE MARSTON
BLAIR WARD
NELLIE PEEK*
SARAH GOODE
LUCY BROOKE
JUSTINE PICKRELL
ROCHET McKINNEY
FRANKIE McKINNEY
LELIA JACKSON
LUCILE V. KENT
ELEANOR C. WHITE*
HANNAH E. PAXTON
ANNA C. PAXTON

* Absent when picture was taken.

E.A WRIGHT, PHILA.

KAPPA DELTA FRATERNITY

Alpha Chapter

ALPHA SIGMA ALPHA

Established and chartered during the session of 1902-3 in the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia

COLORS: Crimson and Silver. FLOWER: White Carnation.

YELL

Chickalaca ! Chickalaca !
Razzle ! Dazzle ! Dalpha !
Boomalaca ! Boomalaca !
Alpha Sigma ! Alpha Sigma !
Alpha Sigma Alpha !
Rah ! Rah !

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

VIRGINIA LEE BOYD
MAY WILLIAMSON HUNDLEY
HATTIE VIRGINIA KELLY
LOUISE PETTIGREW PRICE
MARGUERITE ANTHONY PALMER
LUCY HANNAH DANIEL
ANGELA CARROLL TINSLEY
LOUISE BURKES COX
EDNA VENABLE ELCAN
LOUISE GORDON BASKERVILL
KATHERINE EARL BOYD

SORORES IN URBE

GRACE MASON WILSON
CALVA HAMLET WATSON
JULIETTE JEFFERSON HUNDLEY

C. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

ALPHA CHAPTER, ALPH SIGMA ALPHA

CHI

A Sorority of Sororities, composed of members of the three Sororities—Kappa Delta, Sigma Sigma Sigma, and Zeta Tau Alpha.

CHI

ELEANOR WHITE, K Δ

LUCY M. BROOKE, K Δ
ANNA C. PAXTON, K Δ

MARY FRAYSER, Z T A
JANIE CRUTE, Z T A

HARRIET HANKINS, Σ Σ Σ
ETTA SAMPSON, Σ Σ Σ

MEMBERS

HARRIET P. HANKINS, ≤ ≤ ≤
SARAH MASSIE GOODE, K Δ
CLAUDIA PERKINS, Z T A
ETTA SAMPSON, ≤ ≤ ≤
ETTA SINCLAIR, ≤ ≤ ≤
JUSTINE PICKRELL, K Δ
JANIE MAY CRUTE, Z T A

GOATS

? — , * * x ! ! ! --
4 , , * * * ? ? ?
Z T A

X R * * * . . ? ? ? — ,
o/o ! K A

L. K.
Organization

E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

L. K. ORGANIZATION

In Lighter Vein

"As Others See Us."

There was a young student named Young,
And around one instructor she hung;
O'er nature she raved,
To it was enslaved—
Its delights in loud praises she *sung*!

M. Frayser, the pride of the place,
With her winsome and innocent face,
In the art room always
Spends half of her days;
Would you judge she has much of a case?

In our school is a child we called Sue,
Who makes you feel good when you're blue;
In her class to Miss R—
She proved quite a star,
To map-drawing she'll ever be true.

And next we perceive Janie Jones,
Who's surely a bushel of bones;
Her beau is so charming
That the case is alarming,
And she finds she must choose between homes.

There's that excellent girl, Carrie White,
With her head spun of gold, soft and bright;
But the subject of Rodges,
She generally dodges;
Don't crowd her too close, she will fight.

Of Norfolk girls, now, if you please,
Note Mary and little Louise.
To Training School strife
They give half their life,
But chew gum on the lawn at their ease.

Kate Stephens, we're led to suppose,
From the way her specks set on her nose,
Will be an old maid,
With manners quite staid,
For no one would dare to propose.

Gertrude Griffin, a quite brilliant scholar,
Who intends mathematics to follow,
Didn't think, till too late,
But she answered right straight:
"Standard weight of U. S. is a dollar."

To a rhetoric class, then, you must go,
The meaning of "amateur" correctly to know:
There a maiden named Clair—
With very dark hair—
Said: "One who takes pictures, I trow."

Behold, now, our poet, L. Carter;
If only some one would please start her,
Her muse she'd evoke,
And our laughter provoke,
'Till a seamstress we'd all have to charter.

JOKES

The President, meeting Miss Newcomer: "Well. to what class have you been assigned?"

"To the dormitory, sir."

Justine (watching her room-mate stuffing a pillow): "That cotton looks as dirty as if it had just come off the sheep's back."

Room-mate: "Ha! Ha!"

Justine: "Oh, hush! here comes one of those practice school children! Is it sheep's or sheep?"

Dr. S (Senior A History): "What important event closed the Revolutionary War?"

Alice P (excitedly): "Lee's surrender at Appomattox Courthouse."

Club Editor: "Where can I go to get the names of the girls belonging to clubs!"

Mary: "Just go to the catalogue for the names, and the colors you can easily find in the rainbow."

Senior B (preparing for midnight feast): "Please get some cheese butter; it makes such fine ham sandwiches."

Miss M: "Are you going to join the Y. W. C. A?"

Miss Green: "Why, no; I'd like to, but my mother told me positively I must not join any sorority."

Miss Experience: "I am going up to 'Uncle Pat's.' Do you want to go, too?"

Miss Firstyear: "I didn't know you had any relatives here."

Miss B: "When anyone asks *me* to play, I never refuse and say I can't."

Miss W: "Oh, yes; you let them find out for themselves, don't you?"

Mrs. Matron (making the rounds, 10:30 P. M.): "All in bed?"

New Girl: "Yes, but we won't mind getting up again the least bit. Come in and have a seat."

Miss R: "Why does the thick fur protect the animals in the polar regions?"

Bright Pupil: "Because it is air tight."

Senior B: "I am so glad the Senior A's cannot observe my period for teaching."

First A (sagely): "Well, then, you won't be preserved at all, will you?"

One new girl, complainingly, to another: "They just needn't say another word to me about matriculating; my father said I would have enough to do down here without bothering about matriculation."

Miss R (geography class): "What would you call it if you dropped a pin on the ground?"

Miss W: "An accident."

Miss R: "You are not thinking you would call it a terra-pin?"

Miss W: "Well, we don't call them that on the Eastern shore."

Miss Malaprop: "I don't see why they need those fire extinguishers; the radiators make it hot enough already."

Miss B: "Name the minerals of Southern Russia."

Preppy: "Lot's of geese are raised there."

Miss K: "What is a monarchy?"

Second B: "The man who kills the Presidents."

"Caps That Fit."

"The worst is never true of woman."

"Perhaps she will grow."—NELLIE HEATH.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."—ANGELA TINSLEY.

"Affection mutual on one side."—ELIZABETH BASKERVILL.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."—MISS LANCASTER.

"'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew."
—M. COCKE.

"Some on antiquated authors pore,
Rummaging for sense."
—E. SINCLAIR.

"When does morning ever break,
And find those sleepy eyes awake."
—CARRIE HENDERSON.

"Her air has a meaning, her movements a grace,
You'd turn from the fairest to gaze on her face."
—MARY FRAYSER.

"Like Juno's swans,
Went coupled and inseparable."
—CRUTE AND GOODE.

"Lift me, oh, lift me, from this horrid deep" (the Normal School)!—NELLIE WHITE.

"Too smart to live, yet too lazy to die."—VIVIAN BOISSEAU.

"No knife can cut our love in twain."—MARY HINER, BLANCH GILBERT AND BERTHA TRIPLET.

"Self-praise is better than none."—LUCY MANSON.

"As sure as comes your wedding day,
A broom to you I'll send;
In sunshine PLEASE use the bushy part;
In storm you may use the other end."
—NELLIE PEEK.

"Gladly we grant thee a token,
A prayer that thy future may be
A pathway of peace all unbroken,
Naught bringing sorrow to thee"
—MRS. MORRISON.

"Speechless with wonder and half dead with fear."—Bernie Smith.

"Since I saw you last there is a great change upon you."—The Normal School.

"Call in sweet music; I have heard soft airs
Can charm our senses and expel our cares."
—Mary Powers.

"Such a light and graceful dancer saw you ever yet in France!"—Claudia Perkins.

"For I am nothing, if not critical."—Elmer Crigler.

"The gentleness of all the gods go with thee."—Mildred Evans.

"Oh, if to dance all night and dress all day!"—Carrie Henderson.

"Her hair was wound in many a curious fret."—Hallie Miller.

"When absent far from those she loved,
Is there naught the heart can fetter?
When weeks roll by and still they rove,
Is there no cure? Ah, yes, a letter."
—Lucile Kent.

"A blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he's not a fool."
—Harriet Hankins.

"Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise."
—Lucy Daniel.

"Her voice was ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."—Miss Coulling.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?—Dorothy Rogers.

"Her sunny locks hung on her temples like a golden fleece."—Edna Elcan.

"Through suffering and sorrow thou hast past,
To show us what a woman true may be."
—Neville Watkins.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."—Annie Doughty.

"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much, but all's so good!"
—Ersula Boyd.

"I hold many an accustomed feast, whereto I have invited many a guest."—Professional Hall.

"Hear her, for she will speak."—Mary Wood Boisseau.

"Maiden, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies."
—Elizabeth King.

The following additions have been made to the domestic department during the past session:

Miss Mary Ella Jeffries, First Assistant.

Miss Evangeline Hetterick, Second Assistant.

Resolved, That Slang Should Be Abolished

I.

BY some, slang is supposed to be of Gypsy origin; by others, it is considered the offspring of the Scandinavian "Sleugja kjeften," "to sling the jaw." Webster says it is low, vulgar, unauthorized speech, and that it is the jargon of some particular class of society. Slang expressions have also been called "blank checks on the bank of intellectuality, which can be filled by, and become usable to, only a very few in the right way." Now, no one likes to make the impression that he possesses only blank checks, either on a money bank or his mind.

Some people are deluded into thinking that slang expresses their thoughts with vividness better than anything else could, and that the more they put into their conversation the brighter and wittier they seem. On the contrary, the power to talk charmingly is greatly weakened by the use of these rebels against good English. Lundness, tawdriness, coarseness, are not attractive qualities, even in the freedom allowed by conversational usage. They only remind us that

> "All the world would fain be wits,
> But a million miss to one that hits."

The habitual use of slang betrays a limited vocabulary, or poverty, even bankruptcy of thought. One must be either very ignorant or very lazy if he cannot find enough authorized words to express his thoughts. If he continues to let slang take the place of the "simple language of the fireside," he will find that good English rises to his lips less and less readily, until at last his vocabulary is miserably shrunken, and slang is his master, he a slave.

Since it was originally the secret language of thieves and robbers, used by them because no one else could understand it, you are compelled to acknowledge that it originated among the lowest classes of people. Even now its habitual users are newsboys, bootblacks, reporters, jockeys, gamblers, shop girls and theater girls. True, we find that it is spreading to such an extent that it often blots the speech of the refined and well-educated. This does not excuse it, for even the refined may contract a loathesome disease. This toleration of the well-educated is, indeed, one of its greatest dangers, for cultured people should be the guardians of our purer English, and it is not fitting that they should adopt the language of the lowest—as well expect them to adopt the other habits and customs of an outcast from good society. Besides, English-speaking people should consider it a duty to hand down an unsullied language to coming generations. We cannot shirk our share of this responsibility.

Many slang expressions say either too much or too little, and if we wish to express our thoughts finely, delicately, we cannot employ them; even their acknowledged raci-

ness cannot make up for this fault—the inability to make fine shades of discrimination.

School girls often use slang merely from force of habit, never thinking how ridiculous it sounds to others. Not long ago, a girl showed a large and handsome Bible to one of her friends, who examined it carefully, and expressed her admiration in the appreciative terms, "Oh, how cute!" Much slang is irreverent, and some is almost profane.

Most slang is both senseless and silly, and is deservedly short-lived. The phrases in common use a few years ago have given way to newer ones, equally as absurd. Who can find anything to commend in "You're not so warm," "It's up to you," "Go 'way back and sit down," even though fashion makes them violently popular for a while? Slang is fickle and changeable, subject to whim and caprice; it is a mushroom growth that springs up in one night, is quickly learned and as quickly forgotten. Not enough of it passes into permanent, reputable use to justify its use on this ground.

This ephemeral nature of slang is one of the strongest reasons why it should never be used in writing. What is written is practically permanent and should not contain what will become odd and unmeaning in a few short years. A book full of the current slang of today would need a glossary ten years from now, if it could live so long.

To those unaccustomed to it, even up-to-date slang is as unintelligible as Greek to "Crazy Charlie." In speaking of this, Professor Hargrave, of Shelbyville College, says, "If our boys and girls are to be encouraged to use slang rather than English undefiled, I respectfully request the establishment of summer schools for instructing the elders in up-to-date speech. I confess that I am not a little ashamed to find myself unfitted for conversation with the young in the language which, according to Dr. Hall, is the one we should encourage them to use." We young people, we say, should be ashamed to find ourselves distorting and perverting the English language so that those who speak it in its purity cannot understand us.

The constant use of slang lowers the standard of literature, vitiates the taste, even stains the moral character, for the greater part of slang consists of "vulgar terms used by vulgar people to express vulgar things." Above many things, we should pray to be delivered from vulgarity, then set about answering our own prayers by abolishing slang at once and forever.

Sallie Guy Davis.

II.

Some people contend that slang, because of its origin, should be debarred refined usage. Its origin is not commendable in itself, but when something has proved itself worthy of a place among the "seats of the mighty," its origin must not be thrown in its face. Everything and everbody has to make a beginning, and few can start at the top.

The question arises, "How has slang proved itself deserving of consideration?" Our first answer will be found in what some of the masters of literature think and say about it; the second, in what slang itself has done, and is doing, for the language.

Examine the works of slang's earliest defenders, Aristophanes, Martial, Plautus,

and Terence, writers of the classic ages of Greece and Rome. Their works will be forever regarded with wonder and admiration, yet these same writings abound in slang.

In modern times it has been warmly, vigorously defended by DeQuincey, and who could want a more powerful champion, both from the standpoint of right and might? Some of the foremost critics of the world place him, from the excellence of his style, at the very head of English prose-writers; others divide the honor between him and Ruskin; and this man upholds slang!

Dickens, honored and admired, even introduced a certain class of slang. No doubt many will say, "Dickens' characters and scenes compelled him to use it; he had to speak through them in their own language, to be 'true to life.'" If he did, does it not show that at times slang is the very thing needed to express certain conditions and thoughts?

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," not only encourages slang by word, but admits that he uses it. He says that on certain occasions a slang phrase may be exactly the thing needed, and that the word or phrase may be filled with meaning by a thoughtful man. These are among the most prominent defenders of slang, but they are by no means all.

Some people attack slang according to Mrs. Nation's methods; they go about with hatchets, as it were, and in their "zeal for the right," smash both good and bad in their efforts to destroy the latter. Now, this is not right; it is fanatical. The good should not suffer for the bad, and herein lies the trouble; these people cannot discriminate; refuse to see that there is slang, and there is slang—many classes, in fact. One is full of racy, piquant sayings that add lustre to the language. The other is low, vulgar and hateful—this is the kind to abolish. The former class does not weaken the vocabulary, as some contend; rather, it is a feeder, a "training school for new expressions," which take the place of old, wornout, hackneyed phrases.

Slang is to the language what a mushroom is to sauce, the most delicate, subtle, delicious flavor, if you have the right kind; but if you have the wrong kind, no power can save you from its deadly poison. Look out for the white veil and cup on the mushroom, and look out for their counterpart in slang. Choose the edible ones and you have a dish fit for a prince; choose their opposite and you have—well—! ,

Of course the same word or phrase should not be bandied about from one subject to another. It should have a limited circulation, else it will lose the "pith and pungency" which, says Mr. Richard White, it gives to the language.

Moreover, slang is fashionable. It is stylish, just as a new hat or dress is, and there are many styles that are vulgar, even indecent; yet does one think of abolishing all style? Such a person would be considered weak-minded. There is, of course, some slang that is low and vulgar, but it takes a vulgar-minded person to employ a coarse style or a coarse expression. A refined person can brighten up her conversation with a few fresh, kindly slang phrases in the same way that she can, by means of a dainty collar, or a knot of bright ribbon, add an indefinable grace to her costume.

Besides, our language is, along some lines, almost poverty-stricken. Our best writers complain that often it contains no word for some new invention, or thought.

And what do we do? Simply borrow some foreign term. Now, why not coin some word from the resources of our own language? One that would be understood by all? Slang is our best means of doing this.

In many such cases where it has come to the rescue, slang has filled an "antecedent blank," and has been welcomed as a permanent addition to the language. Some of our best words were once slang; "mob," "snob," "boss," "chum," "cab," "boycott," "influence," "Methodist," "Christian," are among these. Really, what could we supply in good, authorized English for "bored," "fast," "slow," "a brick?" There are words of meaning in those little words, so forceful, yet so subtle; so expressive, yet so hard to explain

So, you see, we must be careful about abolishing slang. As Holmes advises, we "must discriminate, and be shy of absolute proscription," for even, when some slang phrases are not permanent, they are what he calls "conversational blank checks which intellectual capitalists may sometimes find it worth their while to borrow."

Zaidee H. Smith.

Remedies for School Maladies

FOR swell-head, take mixture of Tarr's Atmosphere and Tides; heat this by convection, stirring well with cyclones; then set aside to cool dynamically; take three doses a week, and, if you recover, the cure will be permanent.

If your health will not permit you taking the Dormitory or Matriculation courses, you must bring a certificate to that effect.

For hardheartedness, take the campus course in broken doses.

You will find limping very effectual when you want to be excused from gymnastics.

School books are considered public property here, and walk around considerably; so, if you lose all your books, don't worry; they'll come back some day (may be).

Should you awake in the dead of night and find a rat in your hair, don't be alarmed; he is a professional hair-dresser, and has had abundant experience.

Be careful where you walk, for you never know when you may be treading on the grass.

No loafing allowed, but if you are unable to walk to the dining room, you will be heartily welcomed in the infirmary. Special attractions Sunday evening about tea time.

Do not take water from the fire extinguishers; we will need it all in case of fire.

Girls with light heads are requested to keep them under the covers at night, so that their room-mates can get some sleep.

Should the lights go out before you have finished studying, take a feather out of your pillow; that is light enough.

Girls will please not allow the bands on their new spring hats to play, for fear of disturbing Mrs. Farhearing.

Girls artistically inclined, who wish to draw, can draw on their imagination.

Jottings from My Diary

January 21 (Wednesday)—New girls began to enter school today. I went on the third floor to take one to dinner, fell down the steps, and broke the heels off the only pair of shoes I had.

January 22 (Thursday)—Stayed in bed today and studied for a test while my shoes were being repaired.

January 23 (Friday)—Sleet on everything. I worked an "original" in geometry for Louise while she stole off to Uncle Pat's to get us some candy. She slipped so much that she did not return in time for two of her classes. She has decided to do her own work hereafter, and never break the rules again, especially when sleet is on the ground.

February 6 (Friday)—The civics class planned this morning to have a mock trial. I was arrested for stealing a girl's lamp and matches, which were worth a (Wins)ton of cramming ($50) to her that night, as a "Math. Exam" would be given the following day.

February 7 (Saturday)—Lucy, Louise and I were locked out from breakfast this morning. All went to a restaurant and ordered the best on the bill of fare; ate heartily, enjoyed it immensely, and had it charged to the school.

February 8 (Sunday)—Sarah Goode and Janie Crute went into every room in the dormitory tonight while the other girls were at church, and took into the halls every article of dress, from a hat to shoes, tying them together as they went. They pinned photographs along the line, and for every purchase of twenty-five cents they would give a valentine; had their clerks seated on the trunks at every corner.

February 9 (Monday)—Louise, Lucy and I studied faithfully today, but were fully repaid tonight when we found a box on the elevator for Miss Newcomer, and opened it for her in her absence.

February 10 (Tuesday)—Miss Know-All became very angry this morning because "Central" would not answer her when she was trying to "phone" to me through the water spigot.

February 12 (Thursday)—Fannie Hodnett was seen studying today, which was miraculous. Elise Hartman went down town for the first time since yesterday, and it was only the forty-first time she had been since Christmas.

February 13 (Friday)—I received a note from Mr. S., asking to call tonight. Louise wrote him that I was ill—and the basket of delicious fruit came early the next morning; flowers soon followed. My room-mates prayed for a relapse.

February 18 (Wednesday)—Miss Hills made us stand like this in "Gym." to-day.

February 19 (Thursday)—We taught Miss Hills to play "all in the ring *but* me" today.

February 20 (Friday)—We took the slats out of Fennell Crawley's bed last night, and she asked the teacher of Physics today why force of gravity was stronger that night than ever before.

February 21 (Saturday)—The butter walked out of the dining room tonight without asking to be excused.

March 4 (Wednesday)—We are delighted that the coffee has recovered in both health and strength, and is not too weak to come out of the spout.

March 6 (Friday)—The rats used our room for a gymnasium hall last night. Their instructor must have given violent exercises for the first lesson, judging from the noise that aroused me, and feats I saw performed after making a light. Perhaps they were having an exhibition. They used trunk straps, shoe strings and ribbon for chest weights, chicken-bones and candles for dumb-bells, and matches for wands. They could climb the bed-posts and radiator poles by the command, "right hand, left foot, left hand, right foot," even faster than we can the ladder walls. Some seemed to be enjoying a game of basket-ball with the soap, while others were swinging on the curtains.

March 8 (Sunday)—Louise went to breakfast this morning before she had finished completing her toilet. Nevertheless, she arranged her hair neatly after getting there, using Hallie's forehead as a mirror.

Marsh 9 (Monday)—I made Lucy pay me a 40-cent box of candy not to tell a joke on her, one that I did not even know.

March 15 (Sunday)—I went to Sunday school today, and expect now to go again next Sunday.

March 20 (Friday)—Fennell amused herself in the parlor tonight by counting Tom's mustache. She says there are 123 on one side, and the bell rang when she had reached the 47th on the other side.

Maria Chappell is glad Joe came today, for she says her mother always sends her many kisses and other candies by him.

ETHEL ARVIN.

A Quiz

We want to know—

1. What is the matter with the clubs? They are all right! What is all right? Clubs! clubs! clubs! clubs!

2. Why Mary C—— is always happy with (a) Toy.

3. What the attraction is in the infirmary for Patty Love.

4. Why Maria Cocke loses her temper when she gets a note for an engagement.

5. Why a baseball pitcher forcibly reminds one of the Faculty.

6. Why Nora White prefers the (Wall)flower to all others.

7. How Ruth Clendening got the starch in her brain

8. Why Carrie and Mary Wood B—— were not admitted to the infirmary.

9. Why Helen Fitchett got a new gym. suit.

10. Where Lucile Moomaw learned that fancy step in marching, and the secret of her ability to keep such excellent time.

11. Where Miss H—— will find the hydrophobia acid; also, who will help Edith D—— to find H_2O.

12. Where Neville got that solitaire.

13. Whether any of the ladies of the Faculty will ever take the M. R. S. degree.

14. Whom the brown hat and white dress belong to.

15. How much Alice P—— will charge to give lessons in baby-talk.

16. Why Bee's favorite instrument is the cornet.

17. Where (mis)cellaneous rooms. Ask Ersula.

18. Where we will find the popular trees.

19. When pigs started to grow horns. Ask Lucile Kent.

20. Where Sarah Goode met Josey.

21. Why Ruth Schmelz and Norah White didn't go to church Sunday evening, March 15.

22. The important question which confronts the Second A's is "to be or not to be" (2B or not 2B.)

23. What girl in the Normal School is equal to three in any other. (Miss Triplett.)

24. What girl in school covers more ground than any other girl. (Miss Aker.)

Dessert Day

You must wake and call me early, call me early, room mate, dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time to all the school girls here;
To all the schoolgirls here, Marie, the maddest, merriest day,
For we're to have dessert, Marie, and none can say us nay.

There's many a joyous time, Marie, but none so great as this;
There're holidays and Saturdays, all filled with joy and bliss;
But none among them can compare, in all the year, I say,
With this, which stands above the rest, well known as dessert day.

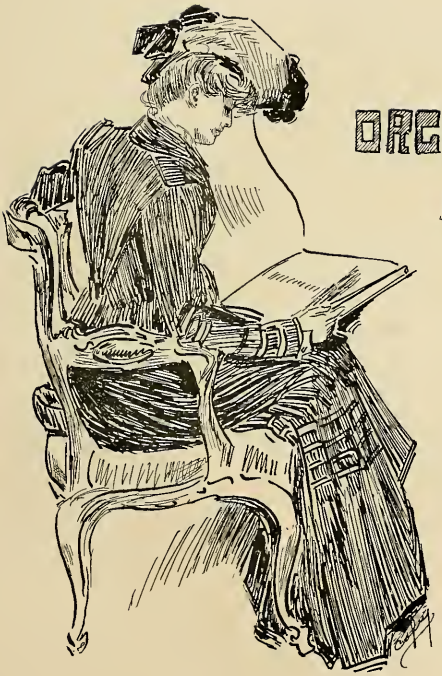
There's not a girl who will not dream through study hour to-night,
Of the happiness to-morrow brings, its unalloyed delight.
No doubt they'll mix up Tarr and π., in chemistry try to show
Which makes the better pudding sauce, sour milk or H_2O.

In arithmetic they'll try to prove that all halves are not equal,
Which process can alone be done by those who know the sequel.
The Latin, French or German class has never yet declined
Dessert in any form or shape, nor its meaning quite defined.

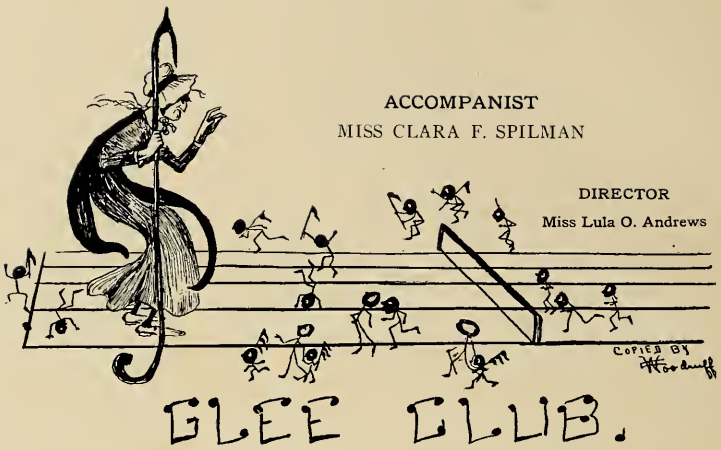
On dessert day we all suspend each English grammar rule;
"I shall" or "will" is quite correct on this great day at school.
Our faculties are quite acute—remarks, though sometimes light,
All bear upon the subject broad, a schoolgirl's appetite.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, room mate, dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time to all the school girls here;
To all the school girls here; yes, the maddest, merriest day,
For we're to have dessert, my dear, and none can say us nay.

L. L. C.



ORGANIZATIONS AND CLUBS.



ACCOMPANIST

MISS CLARA F. SPILMAN

DIRECTOR

Miss Lula O. Andrews

FIRST SOPRANOS

MAUDE ANDERSON
MISS BERKELEY
LUCY DANIEL
ELMER CRIGLER
MARY L. POWERS
EDITH DUVALL
BYRD KING
SUE HALES
MRS. JOSEPH L. JARMAN
MRS. RICHARD B. TUGGLE
MISS LANCASTER

SECOND SOPRANOS

HENRIETTA WATKINS
HATTIE BUGG
REBECCA VAUGHAN
MIRIAM HEARRING
ELLA GRAY
ANNIE P'POOL

SECOND ALTOS

MARY BALDWIN
LAURA CARTER
JANIE CRUTE
NEVILLE WATKINS
MISS WOODRUFF

FIRST ALTOS

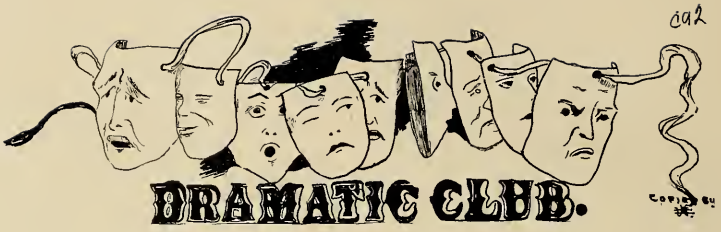
RUBY BRUGH
JANIE JONES
ALICE PAULETT
MISS COULLING
MABEL GROSSCLOSE
BESSIE JUSTIS
JANET DUVALL

Cotillion Club

President ..... LUCY DANIEL
Vice-President ..... JESSIE WHITMORE
Secretary and Treasurer ..... JUSTINE PICKRELL

MEMBERS

LOUISE BASKERVILLE PATTIE LOVE JONES
CARRIE HENDERSON JANIE MAY CRUTE
ANGELA TINSLEY CORNELIA STERRETT
LUCILE KENT ANNA PAXTON
ETTA SAMPSON HATTIE KELLY
SARAH GOODE EDNA ELCAN
LOUISE COX SUE HALES
KATE BIDGOOD ELISE HARTMAN BRUCE MORTON
COURTNEY TAYLOR ETHEL ARVIN LUCY BROOKE
LOUISE PARAMORE ELINOR ABBITT ANNE RICHARDSON
SUE GANNAWAY
MARY WOOD BOISSEAU GEORGIA MILLER
JUSTINE PICKRELL CLAIR WOODRUFF
CLAUDIA PERKINS KATHLEEN PRICE HARRIET HANKINS
JESSIE WHITMORE VIVIAN BOISSEAU MARGARET PALMER
MARY HOLMES BESSIE VERSER LOUISE COX
VIRGINIA BOYD FANNY MARSTON MARY POWERS LOUISE PRICE
ERSULA BOYD ALICE PALMER STELLA NELSON JANIE JONES



OFFICERS

ETHEL ARVIN, '03 ..... President
ELISE HARTMAN, '05 ..... Vice-President
ELMER CRIGLER, '03 ..... Secretary
JESSIE WHITMORE, '04 ..... Treasurer
MISS ANDREWS ..... Director
MISS COULLING ..... Manager of Decorations

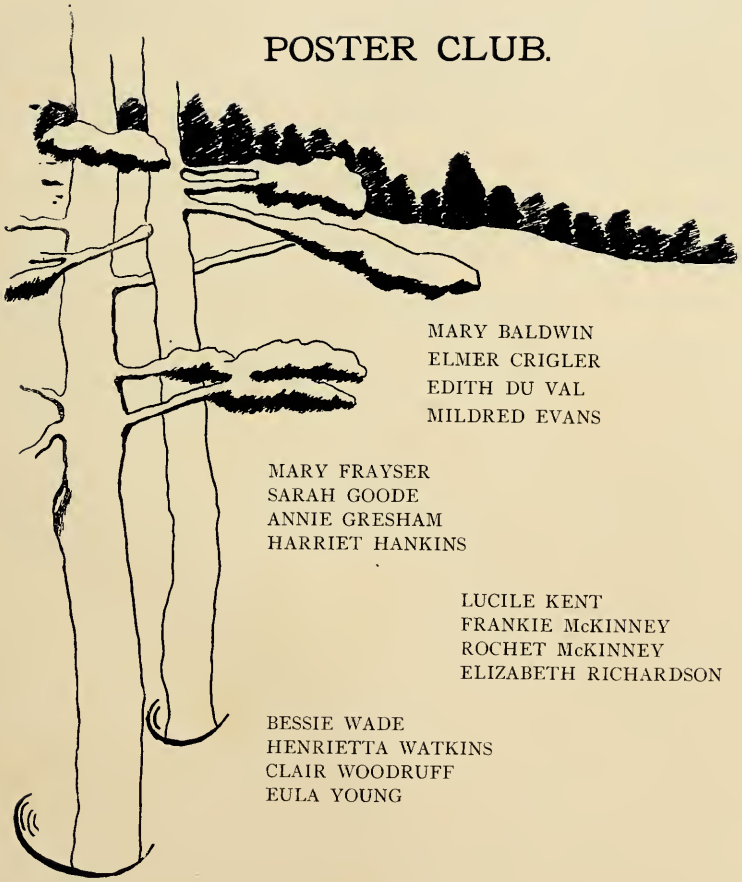
MEMBERS

LOUISE VAUGHAN
SARAH GOODE
JUSTINE PICKRELL
MARY HOLMES
HANNAH PAXTON
LUCILE KENT
ELISE HARTMAN
HARRIET HANKINS
JESSIE WHITMORE
LUCY DANIEL
ELIZABETH STERRETT
DAISY FOSTER
CLAUDIA PERKINS
FANNIE HODNETT
SADIE BYRDE
MARY CLARK
GRACE WARREN
CARRIE HENDERSON
LILA DU VAL
LAURA CARTER
ETTA SINCLAIR
ELMER CRIGLER
LOUISE BASKERVILL
ETHEL ARVIN
MARY PECK
NEVILLE WATKINS
ELEANOR ABBITT
MARY POWERS
MARY GOGGIN
SUE HALES
GRACE ADAMS
HENRIETTA WATKINS
MISS KINZER
MISS BLACKISTON

LUCILE KENT, LUCY DANIEL, LOUISE VAUGHAN, sick when picture was taken.

DRAMATIC CLUB

POSTER CLUB.

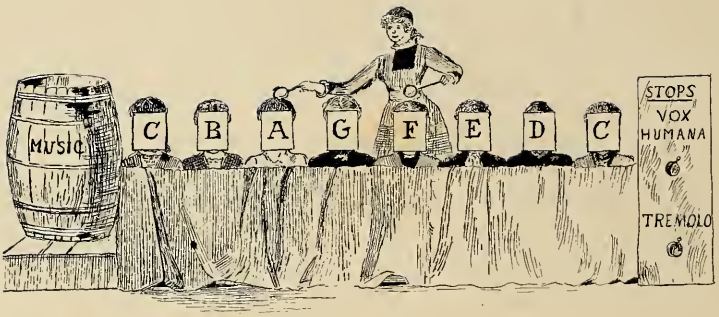


MARY BALDWIN
ELMER CRIGLER
EDITH DU VAL
MILDRED EVANS

MARY FRAYSER
SARAH GOODE
ANNIE GRESHAM
HARRIET HANKINS

LUCILE KENT
FRANKIE McKINNEY
ROCHET McKINNEY
ELIZABETH RICHARDSON

BESSIE WADE
HENRIETTA WATKINS
CLAIR WOODRUFF
EULA YOUNG



The Mendelssohn Society

ORGANIZED MARCH 24, 1902

MOTTO: "Music is love in search of a word." COLORS: Olive Green and White.
FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

OFFICERS

HENRIETTA WATKINS.....: PRESIDENT
CLAUDIA PERKINS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
GRACE WARREN.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS SPILMAN

OTHER MEMBERS

BYRD KING
CARRIE KYLE
BETSY LEMON
LUCY McCRAW
CLAUDIA PERKINS
LUCY RICE
BESSIE STOKES
FLORA THOMPSON
LILLIAN THOMPSON
MARJORIE THOMPSON
GRACE WARREN
HENRIETTA WATKINS
BETTIE PRICE STARLING
MARGUERITE WATKINS
MABEL GROSSCLOSE
EMMA JONES
WILLIE HODGES
CLARA SANDERLIN
RAY ROGERS
LINNIE CLEMMER
KATIE KNOTT
HAZEL ETHERIDGE
BLAIR WARD
FANNIE WOLF
PARKE MORRIS

Kit Kat Klub

MOTTO:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

Colors: Brown (ing) Gray. *Favorite Flower:* Hawthorne.
Favorite Occupation: Reading. *Favorite Dish:* Bacon.
Favorite Exclamation: Dickens. *Favorite Weapon:* Caine.
What we Most Desire: Harte(s) and Holmes. *Our Favorite Sport:* Tennys(on).

OFFICERS

DAISY FOSTER ..... President
ELEANOR ABBITT ..... Vice-President
CLAUDIA PERKINS ..... Secretary

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH KING ..... (The) Bacheller (girl)
BESSIE McCRAW ..... (The) Lamb
JANIE JONES ..... (The) Sangster
DAISY FOSTER ..... (The) Longfellow
LUCY BROOKE ..... "Young."
GEORGIE MILLER ..... (Brownie)
CLAUDIA PERKINS ..... A. Hope(ful)
ELEANOR ABBITT ..... Bos(s) well
MERLE ABBITT ..... DeWitt
EUGENIE WAMBERSIE ..... (The) W(h)ittier
LIZZIE JAMES ..... (The) Merriman
SALLIE GUY DAVIS ..... (Richard Harding)

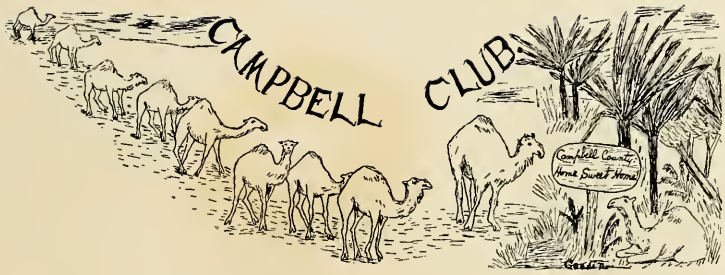
The West Wing

MEMBERS

"Johnnie Bear" Pickrell
"Rip" McLave
"Wooley" Holmes
"Jack" Ward
"Yum Yum" Sinclair
"Baby" Peek
"Yank" Adams
"Bob White" Baskervill
"Harrie" Hankins
"Threse" Ethridge
"Polly" Clark
"Dummy" Dunlap
"Curly" White
"Sis" Whitmore
"Measley" Ethridge
"Weary Willie" Perkins
"Ma" Bradshaw
"Monkey" Cooke
"Brother" Gray
"Doctor" Hinman
"Brick" Mason
"Old Woman" Wood
"Tooter" Cornett
"Lanky" Watts
"Indian" Sterrett

YELL

Boomalaka, Boomalaka,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
West Wing, West Wing!
Ha! Ha! Ha! 1903.



MOTTO: Forward, March. CLUB SONG: "The Camels are Coming, O ho! O ho!"

GREATEST DESIRE

"To carry with us through life an abundant supply of the waters of knowledge."

CAMELS IN OFFICE

LEADER OF CARAVAN ..... MARY GOGGIN
CHIEF BURDEN-BEARER ..... ANNIE SUDDITH
COMMANDER OF RETREAT ..... MABEL MILLER
REAR GUARD ADMIRAL ..... LIZZIE MOORMAN

OTHER MEMBERS OF CARAVAN

ANNIE McLAUGHLIN
MARTHA GOGGIN
ANNIE P'POOL
SALLIE MILLER
EVIE LITTLE
NELLIE HEATH

SWIFTEST RUNNER ..... "BREVITY" MOORMAN
GREATEST LOVER OF DES(S)ERT ..... "CYLONE" McLAUGHLIN
SEEKER OF LIGHT BURDENS ..... "LADY" MILLER
MOST USEFUL ON DARK NIGHTS ..... "MOONY" GOGGIN
LONGEST NECKED CAMEL ..... "SMALL" LITTLE
MOST REFRESHING CAMEL ..... "A POOL"
GREATEST CONSUMER OF PROVISIONS ..... "FATTY" GOGGIN
CHIEF GROANER ..... "TARDY" SUDDITH
DREARIEST CAMEL ..... GRAY HEATH
MOST AFFECTIONATE CAMEL ..... "HUG(G)ER" MILLER

Rough on Rats

MOTTO: "Teach new girls how to be old ones." AIM: To do others as we have been done.

COLORS: Rat gray and new girl blue and green.

YELL

Who is that? Who is that?
It's a rat!!
Catch him! Do him up!
Scat!!!

MEMBERS

ETHEL ARVIN, ETTA SAMPSON — Rough on rats

JANIE CRUTE, LOUISE VAUGHN — Rougher on rats

ERSULA BOYD, SARAH GOODE — Roughest on rats

LUCY MANSON — Tries to be good on rats, but what is in will out

Quid Nunc

OBJECT OF ORGANIZATION: To surprise folks.

COLORS: Crimson and Black.

CHIEF SOURCE OF HAPPINESS: Eating.

MOTTO: "Don't let your right hand know what your left hand is doing."

HATTIE BUGG

STELLA NELSON
SUE GANNAWAY

MARY PECK
MERLE ABBITT

ALICE PAULETT

YELL

Whoop-hurrah!
Whoop-hurrah!
Who are we?
Quid Nuncs,
Quid Nuncs,
Don't you see—rah!!!

SONG

(Tune: "Yankee-doodle.")

The black and red, as you all know
Is the very best that's going,
We have our eats and fun you see,
With very little moaning.
The black and red—our lives are full
Of merry merry doing,
On Friday nights our books are left,
And we are in for chewing.

S. T. A. R

NELLIE PEEK ETHEL TOPPING
ETTA SINCLAIR GEORGIE MILLER
LUCILE V. KENT* BLAIR WARD
GRACE ADAMS LUCY BROOKE
ELIZABETH W. KING ELEANOR ABBITT
EULA B. YOUNG

*Absent when picture was taken.

G. C. G. C.

MEMBERS

ETTA SAMPSON
BLAIR WARD
LUCY BROOKE
JUSTINE PICKRELL
MARY FRAYSER
ELIZABETH BASKERVILL
MARGARET WILEY
KATHERINE GRAYSON
HANNAH MARTIN
HANNAH PAXTON
HARRIET HANKINS
LILA DU VAL

COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold.

MOTTO: "Das Stillschweigen ist golden!"

SONG: "Far Away."

YELL: Our yelling days have not begun.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Spooning.

Members	Highest Ambition	Recreation
GEORGIA JAMES	To be called "grown lady"	Spooning
JANIE FORD	To grow tall	Studying
PRICE STARLING	To be "head nurse" at Johns Hopkins	Teasing
OLIVE BROOKS	To go abroad	Primping
MIRIAM HEARRING	To rival Paderewski	Dancing
MARY YONGE	To be a novelist	Reading

J. F. F.

PURPOSE: For you to guess.

MOTTO: "See the point, if you can."

REQUISITE: Be good looking, wear good clothes, and know how to answer quizzers.

OCCUPATION: Joking, frolicking, fibbing.

MEMBERS

BESSIE McGEORGE ..... Far-famed Talker
CARRIE McGEORGE ..... Jolliest Girl
B. PRICE STARLING ..... Biggest Flirt
B. BYRD KING ..... Cutest Girl
INEZ CLARY ..... Sportin' Kid
CLARA SANDERLIN ..... Our Next Bride
CARRIE MARTIN ..... Whistling Girl
A. GERTRUDE GRIFFIN ..... Biggest Loafer

Jolly Five Club

MOTTO: "Laugh and grow fat."

CHIEF PASTIME: Pressing bricks for the government.

HIGHEST AIM: To laugh and be laughed at.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "Oh! we are heart whole and fancy free."

SONG: "Jappy—jap—jappy."

YELL

Ha, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha!
Jolly five we!

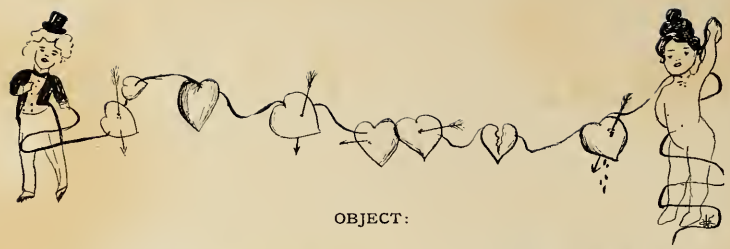
MEMBERS

MARY BOISSEAU	"CHICKEN"	Loudest laugher
SUE HALES	"SQUITO"	Most musical laugher
SABRA SHORT	"RAT"	Cutest laugher
ETHEL TREVILLIAN	"RABBITT"	Jolliest laugher
CARRIE WHITE	"COON"	Sweetest laugher

Professional Hall Club

YELL: Had a little dog named Jack!
Put him on the railroad track!
Train came along
Choo! Choo! Choo!
Cut little doggie right in too!

Name	Known as	Chief Characteristic	Favorite Pastime	Favorite Saying	Object in Life
ANNIE McLAUGHLIN	"Pony"	Her walk	Looking at Fan's photo	Viewing that from a psychological standpoint!	To go to California
BERNIE SMITH	"Bunny"	Studying	Thinking	Well, I declare!	To be promoted
MARY FRAYSER	"May"	Her great liking for the color "Brown"	Going to Miss C's room	You don't mean it!	To be with Miss Coulling
LILA DU VAL	"Beauty"	Sitting on people	Drawing	Fiddlesticks!	To be loved by Mary
JANIE CRUTE	"Little Jane"	Spooning with "Little Goode"	Sitting on the trunk reading Virgil	Where is "Little Goode"	To love "Little Goode" more than she loves Little Jane
SARAH GOODE	"Little Goode"	Spooning with "Little Jane"	Same	Where is "Little Jane"	To love "Little Jane" more than she loves Little Goode
EDNA ELCAN	"Chips"	Grinning	Telling jokes	Whoop, Susie!	To go abroad
CORNELIA STERRETT	"Neely"	Her popularity	Trying to be sarcastic	You are as crazy as you look!	To be (dis)agreeable
ETTA SAMPSON	"Sampy"	Winking	Dressing	Hello, Jack	To have a pretty complexion
CARRIE HENDERSON	"Carrie Duke"	Cunning—(the) ham	Thinking about?	Aint he dear!	To live on the hill
LOUISE BASKERVILL	"Basky"	Her abundance of hair	Dressing her hair	Oh, get off!	To teach Latin in some college
PATTIE JONES	"Love"	Showing her dimples	Criticizing	Oh, dear?	To grow taller
EMMET WIMBISH	"Emmet"	Her hair	Reading novels	Oh, me!	To misplace her gym. blouse
ANNA PAXTON	"Anna Pax"	?	Making out outlines	Goodness!	?
LUCILE KENT	"Phig"	Getting newspapers	Reading Dick's letters	Well, what of it?	Never to sell Paseo for any price
HANNAH PAXTON	"Hannah Lady"	Smiling	Musing	Well, warn't that cute!	To be nice to everyone
MARY PECK	'MaryJohanna'	Brains	Worrying over the Annual	John Brown!	To go to Cornell
SUE GANNAWAY	"Susanna"	Sleeping	Going rabbit hunting	Lawsy goodness!	To draw unaecidentally good maps
ANGELA TINSLEY	"Black Angel"	Getting up eases	Teasing Elise	Well, for pity's sake!	To love and be loved
LUCY DANIEL	"Luey Dan"	Singing like a martin	Skipping gym.	Great Scott!	To be engaged onee and only on e
ELISE HARTMAN	"H(e)art"	Loving "Jen"	Writing to Leache	That's darling!	To keep house in Pittsburg
ELMER CRIGLER	"Crigler"	Her weakness for the poet Holmes	Staying awake	Great day in the morning!	To be independent
CARRIE SUTHERLIN	"Dorothy"	Hugging Neville	Studying Latin	Sho nuf!	To "stand in" with the faculty



OBJECT:

COLOR: Crimson. FLOWER: Heart's Ease.
SONG: "When two hearts beat as one." MOTTO: "Amo, Amas, Amat."

1. LUCILE KENT..... .....QUEEN OF HEART (whose)
2. CARRIE HENDERSON..... .....NO HEART AT ALL
3. ELISE HARTMAN..... ..... HEART SMASHER
4. HANNAH PAXTON.....CHICKEN HEARTED
5. CLAIR WOODRUFF..... WITH MANY HEARTS
6. LOUISE VAUGHAN..... ..... BIGGEST HEARTED
7. EDNA ELCAN..... .....MERRIEST HEARTED
8. SARAH M. GOODE.....BROKEN HEARTED
9. JANIE M. CRUTE.....HARD HEARTED

1. Time is fleeting—so is art,
Longfellow says, but our "queen of heart"
Has succeeded in bringing to her feet
The heart of THE one, though time be fleet.

2. "No heart at all" he sadly says,
When Carrie won't write for many days,
I've tried so long and so hard to forget,
But that—girl will be the end of me yet.

3. Ye men of Virginia—all take care,
For here she comes, beware, beware!
A Richmond girl—a true "heart smasher"
All take note—is'nt she a dasher!

4. Hannah Paxton, with a "chicken heart?"
How can we say, for Cupid's dart,
Pierced it, and took it so long ago
That what kind it was, we'll never know.

5. Next on the list is our artist Clair,
With a box of paints, and right over there
By her other side, a string of hearts,
She was lucky in the aim of all of her darts.

6. "Biggest hearted" is old Louise;
She is easy to love, and easy to please—
The keys of the Library she carries on a string;
And also some Cupids—but that's another thing.

7. "Merriest hearted"—that is "Chips"
Laughing and telling of the classes she skips,
And every day with a smile so sweet
She declares it is not her time to sweep.

8. Sarah Goode is broken hearted;
With horror we read it, and up we started
But we know that mortals will make mistakes,
We got it all wrong, 'tis other hearts she breaks.

9. 'Tis useless, foolish cupid,
To aim at Jane your dart,
For can't you see—you stupid,
You'll ne'er pierce so hard a heart?

Many men of many minds,
Many girls of many kinds
Many hearts in this school you'll find,
As are here described in this club of nine.

..Postscript..

Needed Improvements

NORMAL School girls loyally think their Alma Mater almost perfect, especially after, having been enrolled with the Alumnæ, time has softened all the woes and complaints of former days into happy memories.

In discussing the changes needed, we must not overlook those effected since the last Annual greeted its friends. Proud and grateful are we when we see the beautiful new building, our west wing. It is the handsomest part of the institution, and any one, seeing the artistic library and conveniently-arranged reading room, the pleasant class rooms, the model training school, and the large, airy domitories, would say we are justified in our pride. We only need, now, to complete the good work, a corresponding wing on the east side.

A larger campus seems almost a necessity. It is too small in proportion to the size of the buildings; then, it is entirely too crowded to allow the necessary provisions for outdoor recreations. We have not had a tennis court for two years, and we miss it; the only open-door exercise we may enjoy is walking, and we must go on the streets for that. We long for a campus large enough to admit of tennis, croquet and basket ball, a campus containing plenty of shade trees, sheltering inexpensive but inviting seats.

A study hall is imperative, especially for the girls who board or live in town, for when not in class, they often talk and walk too much, disturbing classes and wasting their own time. The classes would also be much quieter if there were rubber aisles in the halls to deaden the sound of passers.

We greatly desire a new assembly hall, more suitably and conveniently arranged than the present one, which is too small to accommodate the number of students who attend chapel exercises. When we have entertainments, the hall is very uncomfortably crowded often. There should, too, be some effort made to enlarge the dining room; it is full to overflowing; the tables are so close together that it is very difficult for the servants to pass with their trays, while a girl who comes in late has almost to run the gauntlet to reach her seat.

Literary societies would be a great addition to the intellectual and social life of the school, for they would create a spirit of unity among the girls, and at the same time provide a pleasant and profitable opportunity for general reading and the discussion

of current topics. The study of text-books should not be our only thought, for, to be an educated person, one must have some familiarity with the best books and be informed concerning the events of the day. There should be, too, a stronger social life. This is necessary for diversion, but far more important as an essential part of the training of teachers, who should certainly be equipped, to a sensible extent, for pleasant social intercourse.

The most urgent need of the school, however, is a larger teaching force. The number of instructors is inadequate for successful presentation of the full course of study to so large a number of students. Many other schools of the same grade provide twice, sometimes three times, as many teachers for the same enrollment as ours. So, we plead, for our own sakes, and for the benefit of our overworked instructors, that the Faculty be increased in numbers as soon as practicable.

Clara C. Sanderlin.

More Needed Improvements

THE idea of suggesting improvements for our school, which is a model already, seems absurd; but still there are a few, which, should they meet the approval of the Board of Directors, would make life worth living at the Normal School.

First and foremost, we need more work. When we hand in our schedules to the Faculty with only thirty-five periods on them, we really feel ashamed of them, and when our programmes are returned "not approved," we are amazed! We should like to recite incessantly from eight o'clock in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon; then spend the time until breakfast the next morning preparing for those recitations. We need neither sleep, rest nor recreation.

Mother Goose must have been a student at the Normal School in her day, for she once said,

"The rats and mice they lead me such a life!"

Conditions have not improved since Mother Goose left us. Perhaps we ought to be willing to divide our hard-earned refreshments with the innocent creatures, and, perhaps, we ought not to mind having them run over our faces at night, but we have not completed our course in unselfishness and bravery, so we wish to be protected from the intrusion of these members of our night school. Therefore, we beg for a thousand strong, new rat traps.

Indirectly, the rats bring about another need—a sewing class, so that we may know how to fill up with artistic darns, patches and fancy stitches, the holes made by their sharp little teeth in our best clothes. Distressing to see how few girls know anything of that small weapon for untidiness, a needle! Its use is very necessary here, too, for when our clothes come in from the laundry rent in twain it would be a great deal more economical, as well as more comfortable, to sew them up than to use a paper of pins trying to stop the holes. If we only knew how to sew we would patiently, smilingly conclude: "This will look so well after I have darned it." The gymnasium director has suggested more than once that darning is an essential feature of a liberal education.

One of the hardest problems in our domestic life is how to get pictures on the walls without tacks or pins or picture-moulding. The majority of girls will agree with me that an invisible means of support for pictures would be a remarkable aid to school housekeeping.

If more young men could be connected with the school, perhaps we should like them better. But now, we are actually caught trying to "cut" the only one that is available, and so poor "Gym." the only representative of his sex, is sometimes treated, I fear, with much indignity.

And we need more bachelors in the Faculty! Even an uninterested observer notices

the stir occasioned by the appearance of the only bachelor of the institution. The most sedate of the lady teachers will assume their most charming manners whenever he is around; and as for the girls—they would study their heads off, figuratively speaking, to win a word of approval from him. Hence, for the all-around improvement of the school, it would be a good idea to employ an indefinite number of bachelors.

If the halls were only made of rubber so that they could be widened when we wish to walk down the hall with our best friends, and yet leave room for the classes to pass us, we should be delighted. As they are now, we never can go four abreast, arm-in-arm, for there is certain to be a teacher at each end with the warning, "single file, girls!"

To have more spoons and less "spooners" would add much to the general welfare. It is no uncommon thing to see two girls, or perhaps three, affectionately using the same spoon for their pudding. As for the "spooners," they are too thick to thrive, and should be thinned out. I have heard it hinted that we need more "spooners' corners." Well, may be we do, but I doubt it!

Oh, for a double number of Wednesdays and Saturdays in a week! When we awake on either of these mornings we are conscious of an unusually happy feeling. Dessert Day! Yes, we shall have either some delicious tapioca pudding, chocolate blanc mange, potato pie, or a slice and a half of elegant mince-meat pie. These are our red-letter days!

A necessary improvement, but one which would be heart-rending to the girls, would be a modification of pompadours. This is one of the Faculty's pet aversions, and should this important question arise in a weekly Faculty meeting, it is certain that the bulletin board would contain the announcement: "Down with pompadours."

We could dispense with examinations. So many tests are trying to the nerves, and when our papers come back to us with "not passed" on them, it is very likely to cause palpitation of the heart, and, may be, the ruin of a girl's health. So, if the Faculty consents, we are willing to give up examinations at once and forever.

These improvements could be made at a minimum cost, with maximum profit to all; therefore, we plead that they be made before the opening of next session.

Lizzie F. James.

L'ENVOI

HARK! did the clock strike twelve? A feeling of disquiet possesses me, and it seems that I cannot sleep tonight. The silvery moonbeams, streaming through my window lattice, seem to invite me to my favorite seat on the window couch, and it is in hopes of finding there a balm of Gilead for my troubled spirits that I quit the bed and seat myself by the window. Our little town lies peaceful and still as death, and bathed in the softly shimmering waves of the moon, all its uncanny sights are hidden, while the things that appeal to our æsthetic nature are revealed to perfection. No sound comes to break the stillness in which our home of happy girlhood lies wrapt and the world seems, indeed, left to sadness and to me.

Memories of by-gone days come trooping in, and one by one the Queen of Duty, bearing her cross and nearing her crown, throws little reminiscences of school life before me. Ah, vividly do I recall thousands of little cares and duties that for the time seemed grievous, but which were intermingled so pleasantly with joys and pleasures that the weight of the cross became a trifle to the brilliancy of the crown. And, yet, despite all this, how often did my spirit rebel; how often did it cry out for freedom; how often I have felt impatient because of the restraints about me, and have longed for the time when all rules might be left behind, and I could feel free as a bird in the mountains! But now a different feeling comes over me as I feel myself standing somewhat aloof from my Alma Mater. Beyond these walls that so long have sheltered and protected us, beyond the sleeping town that lies so pulseless before me, separated from the hearts that have beat with ours—tell me shall we find all as bright and as fair as fancy pictures it? Will there be no irksome tasks assigned, no cares and worries, no unkind words? "Ah, surely," we try to persuade ourselves, "all will be joy and gladness, and the freedom will be a paradise unheard-of." Perhaps. And yet, have you not heard of those tales of suffering and sin in this cruel world? Can all these be a myth, or shall we believe some of them to be true? Oh, I must believe that all of this is not idle talk, and the question that overwhelms me now is this: Am I ready to meet life's battles? Am I prepared to make my little corner of the world less miserable because of my having lived?

M. E. P.

"The day at last is come, when we must leave this happy spot,
Which has for years our home and shelter proved;
The deepest wish we fashion is that not a single blot
Be left by us upon those things we loved."

L. L. C.

INDEX

Page.

Frontispiece (in colors).
Greeting 5
Dedication 6
Picture of Mrs. Morrison 7
Foreword 9
Board of Editors 10
Picture of Editors 11
Names of Faculty 14
Picture of Faculty 15
Board of Trustees 17
Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry, D.D., LL.D. 18
Picture of Dr. Curry 19
The Alumnæ Association 21
The White and Blue Forever (poem) 22
Class of January, 1903 25
Class of June, 1903 26
Pictures of Class of June, 1903 ....26 and 28
Class Song of 1903 31
Senior Class History 32-34
Class Prophecy (poem) 35-38
Senior A Class 39
Junior B Class 40
Junior A Class 40
A Dream 41
"Copers" Song 41
Second B Class 42
Second A Class 43
Who Is It? (poem) 44-45
First B Class 46
First A Class 47
"Pitching Day" Necessary 48
The Training School 51-52
A Senior B's Training School Experience 53-55
A Lost Magazine (poem) 56
Picture of Library 57
A Personification 59-60
A Study Showing the Effect of Color on American Anthors 61-63
A Midnight Feast on Professional Hall (poem) 64
The Tale of Two Crosses 65-68
The Lesson of The Violets (poem) 69
A Hero Unknown to Fame 70-71
Statistics (with picture) 72-73
Y. W. C. A. 75-76
Basket Ball Team (with picture) 78
B. B. H. A and H. B (with picture 79
Golf Club 80
Tennis Club No. 1 (with picture) 81
Tennis Club No. 2 (with picture) 82
Skater's Club 83

Page.

SORORITIES.

Sigma Sigma Sigma 86
Picture of Sigma Sigma Sigma 87
Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority 88
Picture of Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority 89
Kappa Delta Fraternity 90
Picture of Kappa Delta Fraternity 91
Alpha Chapter Alpha Sigma Alpha ... 92
Picture of Alpha Chapter Alpha Sigma Alpha 93
Chi 94
R. P. C. P. P 95
Picture of L. K. Organization 97

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

As Others See Us (poem) 101
Jokes 102-3
Caps That Fit 104-5
Resolved, That Slang Should be Abolished 106-9
Remedies for School Maladies 110
Jottings from My Diary 111-12
A Quiz 113
Dessert Day poem) 114

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

Glee Club 116
Cotillion Club 117
Dramatic Club 118
Picture of Dramatic Club 119
Poster Club 121
Mendelssohn Club 122
Kit Kat Klub 123
The West Wing (with picture) 124
Campbell Club 125
Rough on Rats (with picture) 126
Quid Nunes (with picture) 127
S. T. A. R (with picture) 128
G. C. G. C (with picture) 129
G. M. C. (with picture) 130
J. F. F. (with picture) 131
Jolly Five Club 132
Professional Hall Club 133
Heart Club 134

POSTSCRIPT.

Needed Improvements 136-8
More Needed Improvements 138-9
L'Envoi 140
Index 141
Advertisements.

AIDS

STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL

FARMVILLE :: VIRGINIA

FOUNDED by the Legislature to educate teachers for the public schools. FREE tuition for two hundred young women. Scholarships appointed among the counties and cities.

Liberal courses in Language, Literature, History, Sciences and Art.

Professional course for teachers.

A graded training school in which students receive a year's training before going out to teach.

Session begins September 11th.

Catalogue Sent on Application

The Winston Drug Co.

THE CORNER...

DRUG STORE

DR. PETER'S OFFICE

Farmville, ----- Virginia.

A. H. FETTING

MANUFACTURER OF

GREEK LETTER FRATERNITY JEWELRY

14, 16 AND 18 SAINT PAUL ST.,

BALTIMORE, M. D.

MEMORANDUM PACKAGE SENT TO ANY FRATERNITY MEMBER THROUGH THE SECRETARY OF THE CHAPTER. SPECIAL DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON CLASS PINS, MEDALS, RINGS, ETC.

OFFICIAL JEWELER FOR ZETA TAU ALPHA SORORITY.

EVERETT WADDEY CO.

FINE STATIONERY, STEEL AND COPPER PLATE ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS AND EMBOSSERS. COLLEGE INVITATIONS, COMMENCEMENT WORK, ETC., GIVEN CAREFUL AND INTELLIGENT ATTENTION.

RICHMOND, VA.

MRS. L. L. KEISTER

DEALER IN

FANCY GOODS

WHITE GOODS & NOTIONS

SAILORS AND CAPS

MAIN STREET,

FARMVILLE, VA.

H. E. BARROW A. V. RUSSELL

BARROW COAL CO.

Dealers in

Splint, Pocahontas, and Virginia City Anthracite

COALS

FARMVILLE ~ VIRGINIA

C. C. COWAN

Successor to BARROW & COWAN

Undertaker

and Furniture Dealer

Wall Paper and Window Shades

Agent for School Furniture, Iron Fences and Tombstones.

FARMVILLE ~ VIRGINIA

W. C. FALWELL

Shoe Store

AND

REPAIR SHOP

Main Street, FARMVILLE, VA.

WHEN ~ IT COMES

to College and School Medals, Class Pins and Rings, we can say, without blushing, that we make the Best we have ever seen for the money—Try us.

H. Silverthorn Co.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

St. Andrew's Wine of Life Root

THE WOMAN'S CURE

MADE BY

Andrews Mfg. Company

BRISTOL ~ TENNESSEE

The Crescent Cafe ~

803 MAIN ST.,

Is the place for both Ladies' and Gentlemen, when in Lynchburg, to get a nice meal or lunch.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

WHAT means this strange commotion here?
The girls are gathered from far and near.
Have they come to dissect the cats?
No. They are going to **"UNCLE PAT'S."**
He has candies sweet, and nuts so fine,
And all that you want tn the sweetmeat line.
If it's apples or oranges, or candy or cake,
"UNCLE PAT" can serve you, and some money you'll make;
For you get a dime's worth for only a nickel,
And often he throws in an extra—one pickle.

Normal School Patronage

SOLICITED

LOWEST PRICES QUOTED ON SCHOOL AND SOCIETY PINS AND BADGES

You will save both time and money by coming to me in cases of defective vision

I GIVE NORMAL STUDENTS SPECIAL RATES

W. T. Blanton

Jeweler, and Graduate of Philadelphia Optical College

J. B. BELL LANDON C. BELL

BELL & BELL

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

NOTARY WILBURN, VIRGINIA.

Richardson-Davidson Co.

DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Corner
Second and Main Streets

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

THE
BALTIMORE COSTUMERS

A. T. JONES & SON

COSTUMES FOR THEATRICALS, TABLEAUX, OPERAS, &C.

MANUFACTURERS OF

BANNERS & FLAGS

FULL DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE

413 E. BALTIMORE STREET
NEAR POST OFFICE AVE. (UP STAIRS)

BALTIMORE, MD.

WE HAVE JUST BEEN MADE SALES AGENT FOR THE EXCLUSIVE SALE IN FARMVILLE OF

Huyler's

CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY IN NEW YORK.

WE ALSO CARRY A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF

FINE STATIONERY AND NORMAL SCHOOL SUPPLIES

C. E. CHAPPELL,

CONFECTIONER AND STATIONER, - - FARMVILLE, VA.

CALUMET

TEA AND COFFEE CO.

51-53 RRANKLIN ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

COLLEGE ANNUALS are judged by the way they are built. We make a specialty of printing for schools and colleges and with our modern equipments can give you such work as will stand in decided contrast to the productions of most printing houses of this section.

MOOSE BROS. CO.

Printers and Binders

10th and Main Sts., LYNCHBURG, VA.

THIS number of "The Virginian" is a specimen of what we are turning out every working day in the year. We handle the large as well as small job, and promise good work and promptness in delivery. Drop us a line and we will be pleased to send you some samples.

W. H. Burger

DEALER IN

FRESH MEATS, FISH,

Oysters and Ice.

Farmville, Virginia

BALDWIN'S BUSY STORES

MANCHESTER-PETERSBURG-FARMVILLE

Millinery

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

Skirts, Shirt Waists

IF YOU COME ONCE, YOU WILL COME AGAIN.

Respectfully,

R. A. BALDWIN

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

The... First Nationl Bank

OF FARMVILLE, VA.

CAPITAL $50,000

N. B. DAVIDSON, Prest R. H. LYNN, V. Prest.
A. G. CLAPHAM, Cashier

DIRECTORS:

N. B. DAVIDSON	C. C. FLEMING
W. P. GILLIAM	W. D. M. STOKES
J. F. WALTON	DR. P. WINSTON
R. H. LYNN	DR. J. M. HAMLET
J. R. MARTIN	E. S. TAYLOR

United States Depository.

Farmville Lithia Water

THE BEST BY EVERY TEST.
PERFECT IN TEST, AND IN
PERFECT TASTE, PURE, DELICIOUS,
SPARKLING.

At the Top of Lithia Waters

Special prices if you mention "The Virginian."

FARMVILLE
LITHIA SPRINGS
COMPANY

BOOKLET FREE

Farmville, Va.

H. C. CRUTE

Druggist

Toilet Articles & Stationery

Prescriptions Accurately Filled

FARMVILLE ✦ VIRGINIA

Fleming & Clark

WE CARRY THE

"Ziegler Shoe"

It is soft enough for comfort—shapely enough for beauty, and roomy enough for free action of the foot. ✦ We have them in several widths and in all sizes, so we can just fit your foot.

Try a pair of these hand-made "Ziegler Shoes."

FLEMING & CLARK

SOLE AGENTS

Main Street, ✦ FARMVILLE, VA.

F. D. Johnson Jewelry Co.,

(Formerly Lynchburg, Virginia.)

OPTICIANS, And Dealers in

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc.

Watches that are fully guaranteed at all prices, from $3.25 to $200. Engagement and Marriage Rings at prices unequaled by any other house for quality, weight and prices. Solid Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks, $1.00 an ounce. Eyes examined and glasses fitted by mail. Watches carefully repaired. Old Gold English Watches changed from Key to Stem-Wind. Medals and Badges for Schools and Societies made to order.

Write for General Catalogue, also Medal Catalogue.

When desired, the very best references can be furnished in Virginia and other Southern States.

ADDRESS

F. D. JOHNSON JEWELRY CO.

No. 1 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

Cash or trade paid for Old Gold and Silver at exact values.

Badges, Emblems and Pins

of all kinds for Society, Sorority, or Class, made to order. Style and workmanship guaranteed.

E. C. WILTSE

JEWELER

FARMVILLE : : VIRGINIA

R. W. GARNETT & CO.

DEALERS IN

Ladies' Suits,
Skirts,
Shirt Waists,
Underwear,
Millinery,
Notions.

SHARE WITH US YOUR TRADE

L. COHN

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Millinery and Notions

The Farmville Herald

Has what few of the small town newspapers have. The people want it for its complete local news; the business public for its excellence as an advertising medium.

THE BEST IN SOUTHSIDE VIRGINIA. Subscription Price, $1.00 per annum.

ADDRESS THE FARMVILLE HERALD, FARMVILLE, VA.

HAMLET & HAMLET

DENTISTS

OFFICE, MAIN STREET

FARMVILLE VIRGINIA

Fraternity Pins and Novelties

Masonic and Society Insignia

SEND FOR ILLU-TRATIONS

CHAS. I. CLEGG

Official Fraternity Jeweller

616 CHESTNUT ST.

PHILADELPHIA

College and Class Pins Rings and Canes

Athletic Prizes and Trophies

ESTABLISHED 1867

PLANTERS' BANK OF FARMVILLE

FARMVILLE, VA.

T. J. DAVIS, President
W. G. VENABLE, Cashier
W. P. VENABLE, Ass't Cashier

CAPITAL, $43,425.00

Surplus and Profits, $65,000.00

Does a general banking business, and is prepared to offer every facility consistent with prudent banking.

YOUR ACCOUNT SOLICITED

The Anderson Drug Co.

Can supply you with anything a first-class Drug Store ought to have, and at prices as low as is consistent with best quality.

ESTABLISHED 1884

E. J. Johnson & Company

38 PARK ROW, NEW YORK

PRODUCERS OF

Roofing Slate and Slate Blackboards

WE ARE FIRST HANDS. Best Material. Best Prices. Best Treatment.

From those who have never used SLATE BLACKBOARDS we invite inquiries for prices. Here is something absolutely perfect for the purpose, and everlasting.

DR. P. W. BECKHAM

DENTIST

OFFICE OVER WILTSE'S JEWELRY STORE

FARMVILLE VIRGINIA

J. B. WALL

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS

SHOES, CLOTHING, HATS, ETC.

NOS. 127 AND 129 WALL BLOCK SHOES AND CLOTHING SPECIALTIES

The . . .

Southside

Examiner

JOB OFFICE

All classes of Stationery,
Pamphlets, Cards, Catalogues,
Circulars, Invitations, and Color
Work.

Legal Forms a Specia'ty.
All work guaranteed.

FARMVILLE VIRGINIA

Ed. Wright's

Engraving

House

1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

We have our own Photograph Gallery
for Half Tone and Photo Engraving.

Fashionable Engraving

AND Stationery

LEADING HOUSE FOR
COLLEGE, SCHOOL AND WEDDING INVITATIONS
DANCE PROGRAMS, MENUS

BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE
COMPARE SAMPLES
AND PRICES

FINE ENGRAVING OF
ALL KINDS

W. P. RICHARDSON

Carries a nice and up-to-date line of

DRY GOODS

and SHOES.

He caters especially to the trade of the Normal girls. You will save money by calling on him.

Stokes & Davidson

(SUCCESSORS TO N. B. DAVIDSON)

Dealers in Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES

We handle a complete line of

Fancy Groceries

Canned Goods, Heinz's Pickles
Cakes and Crackers

NO TROUBLE
TO DELIVER GOODS.

Chas. Bugg & Son

Farmville, Virginia.

W. T. DOYNE

Furniture Dealer

—AND—

Funeral Director

Full Line of
FURNITURE, PICTURES, PICTURE FRAMES, ETC.

Undertaking a Specialty

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

The next session of the University begins 15TH SEPTEMBER, and continues nine months. The following departments of study are represented:

I. ACADEMICAL.

Includes the schools of

Latin,	English Language,	Pure Mathematics,	Chemistry,
Greek,	English Literature,	Applied Mathematics,	Analytical Chemistry,
Romanic Languages,	Historical Science,	Astronomy	Biology,
Teutonic Languages,	Moral Philosophy,	Natural Philosophy,	Geology.

Each school offers an independent course of study, leading to a diploma of graduation in the school. In each school there is also offered a limited B. A. course, and graduation in *ten* of these courses (chosen with restricted election) leads to the degree of BACHELOR OF ARTS. A Bachelor of Arts, upon graduation in four schools (chosen with free election), receives the degree of MASTER OF ARTS; or upon graduation in three schools and completing post-graduate courses of study in two of these schools, he receives the degree of DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY. In addition, a special course has been arranged for the government consular service.

II. ENGINEERING.

Four distinct courses are offered, leading to degrees in Civil, Mining, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering, and requiring for their completion three or four years each, according to the preparation of the applicant. In addition to the purely didactic work, which is unusually copious and exact, ample facilities are provided for practical exercises in the field, the drawing room, the shops, and the mechanical, physical, chemical, and geological laboratories.

III. LAW

The course as lately reorganized is distributed over two years, as follows:

JUNIOR YEAR.—The Law of Persons; Personal Property (including Sales); Wills of Personalty and Administration; the Law of Contracts; the Law of Crimes and Criminal Procedure; Mercantile Law; Negotiable Paper, Partnership, Insurance; Torts, Bailments and Carriers; Theory of Government; Constitutional Law; International Law.

SENIOR YEAR.—Equity Jurisprudence and Procedure; Bankruptcy; Pleading and Practice in Civil Cases; the Law of Real Property; the Law of Corporations; the Law of Evidence; the conflict of Laws.

The candidate for the B. L. degree is required to attend two full sessions of the law school.

An excellent special course is provided for students who can attend but a single session, and who are not candidates for the degree.

The Library facilities are excellent.

IV. MEDICAL.

The course is graded and arranged for four years. Only students who have attended lectures on the studies of the first-year course at this University, or some other reputable medical school, are eligible for the studies of the second year. All graduating examinations must be passed here.

DURING THE FIRST SESSION.—Chemistry (with an introductory course upon the principles of Chemical Physics), Practical Physics, Biology (Comparative Anatomy, Normal Histology and Embryology); and Descriptive Anatomy.

DURING THE SECOND SESSION.—Physiology; Bacteriology; General Pathology; Regional Anatomy; Materia Medica and Practical Chemistry

DURING THE THIRD SESSION.—Obstetrics; Practice of Medicine; Surgery; Special Pathology and Clinical Diagnosis and Dispensary Clinics.

DURING THE FOURTH SESSION.—Practice of Medicine; Therapeutics; Hygiene; Clinical Surgery; Dermatology; Diseases of the Eye and Ear; Gynecology and Medical Jurisprudence; Dispensary and Hospital Clinics.

Special attention is given to practical exercises in the Laboratories and the Dissecting Hall, to practical surgery upon the cadaver, and to clinical work in the Dispensary.

For Catalogues and fuller information, apply to

P. B. BARRINGER, M. D., *Chairman of Faculty.*

Hunt,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

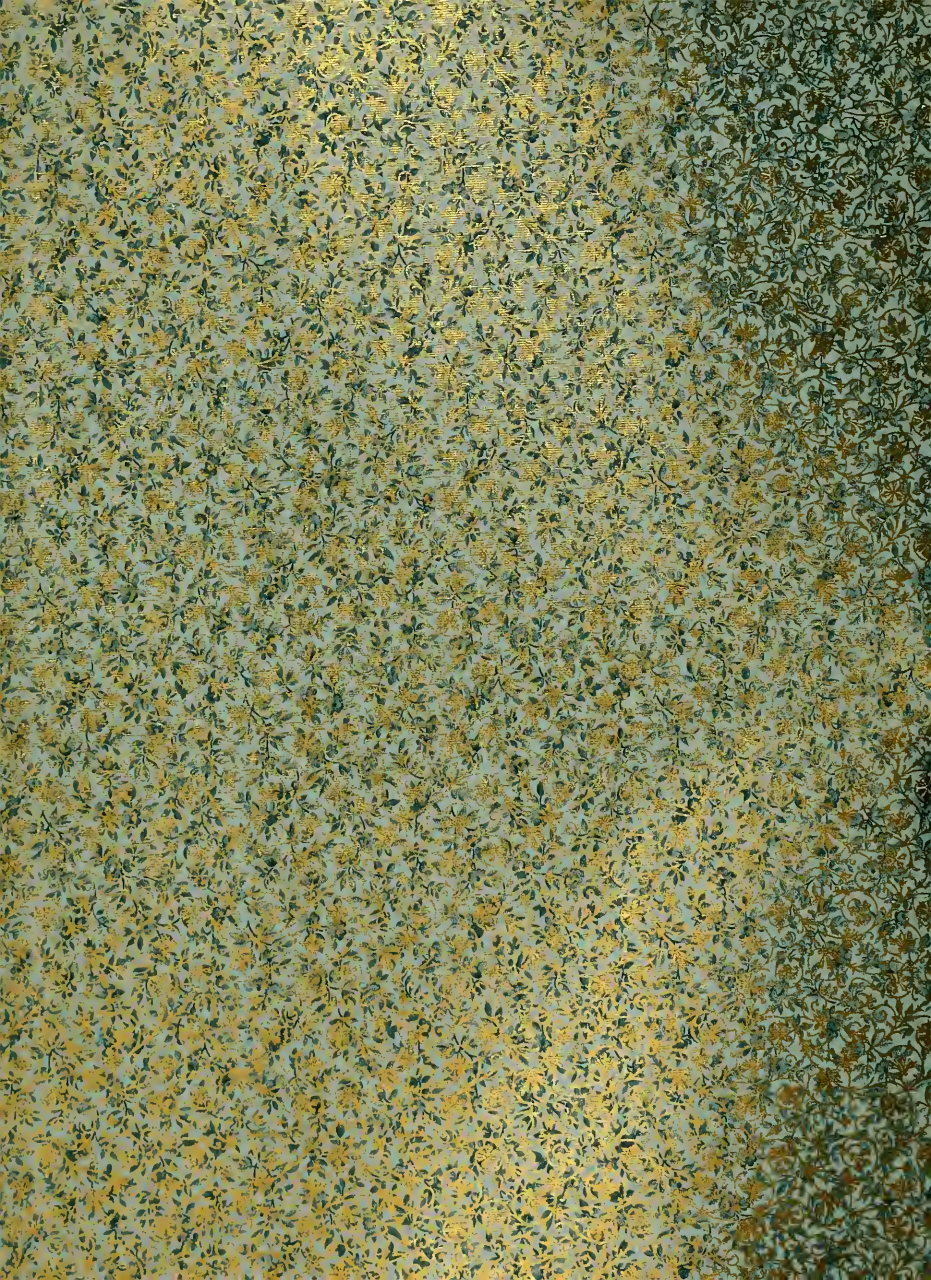
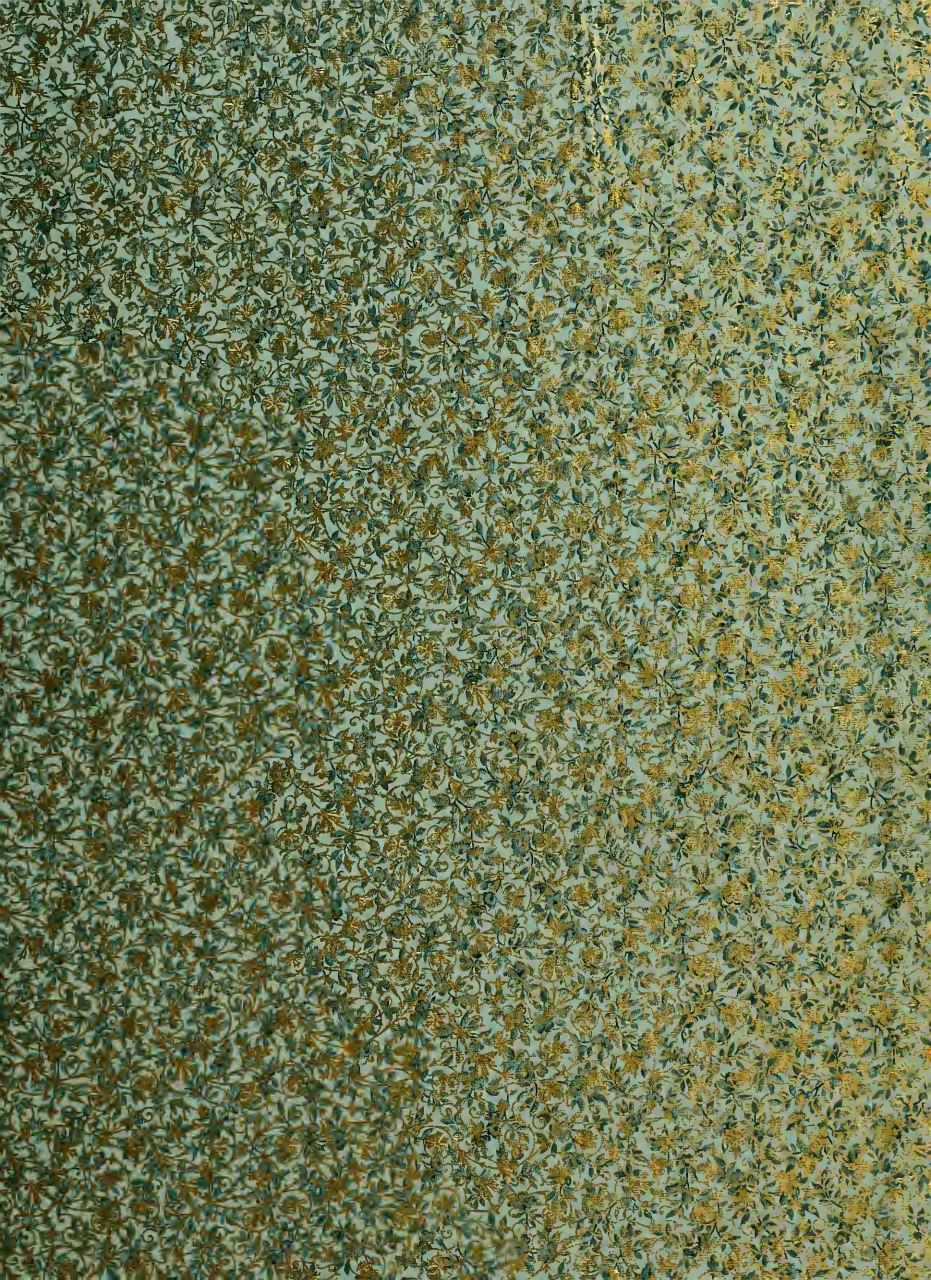
PICTURES IN THIS BOOK MADE BY

H. H. HUNT, FARMVILLE, VA.

GIRLS, BUY YOUR

....MILLINERY....

FROM

MRS. HUNT

WHERE YOU WILL FIND LARGEST STOCK AND BEST PRICES